



SERGEANT FURY! SPIDER-MAN! AND LOTS, LOTS MORE!

POW!

No. 13

15th APR. 1967

EVERY
MONDAY

7^d

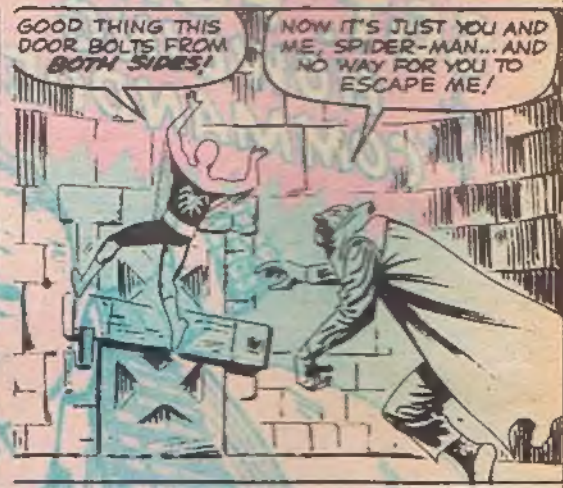
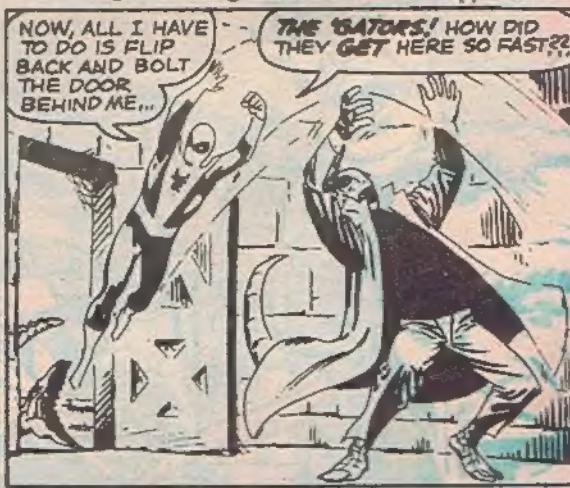
**SGT. FURY,
and his
HOWLING
COMMANDOS**



Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1963



Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1963



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THEN, IN MID-AIR, THE AMAZING COSTUMED CRUSADER SUMMONS ALL HIS SPEED, HIS UNERRING SKILL, HIS LIGHTNING-FAST REFLEXES, AND WHISKS A SMALL VIAL FROM HIS BELT...

THANKS FOR JOINING ME, LIZARD! IT GETS LONESOME TUMBLING DOWN ALONE!



IF I MISS NOW... THERE MAY BE NO SECOND CHANCE FOR ME!



HOLD IT, LIZ! THIS'LL ONLY TAKE A SECOND!



I DID IT! NOW, IF ONLY... OOOOF!!

YOUR TIME HAS RUN OUT, SPIDER-MAN! NOW TO FINISH YOU OFF!!



WHY DOESN'T THE SERUM WORK?? WHAT DID I DO WRONG?? WHAT--?

UGH!! H-HIS TAIL... IT'S LIKE A RUNAWAY SLEDGE-HAMMER!



I WARNED YOU THAT YOU WERE NO MATCH FOR ME! AND NOW... WE WILL END THIS... FOREVER!



AS SOON AS I HAVE DISPOSED OF YOU, I WILL SPILL MY SERUM IN THE SWAMP, AND THE WORLD WILL BE MINE!



GOT TO STOP HIM! CAN'T GIVE UP!

BUT, SUDDENLY...

MY HEAD! MY BRAIN! WHAT-- WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME??



HIS HANDS ARE LOSING THEIR SCALY QUALITY! IT'S THE SERUM! IT'S WORKING! I HAVEN'T FAILED!



AND THEN, BEFORE THE STARTLED EYES OF SPIDER-MAN... IN THE ANCIENT, CRUMBLING, HALF-HIDDEN FORTRESS, A FANTASTIC CHANGE TAKES PLACE...

I-I'M HUMAN AGAIN!

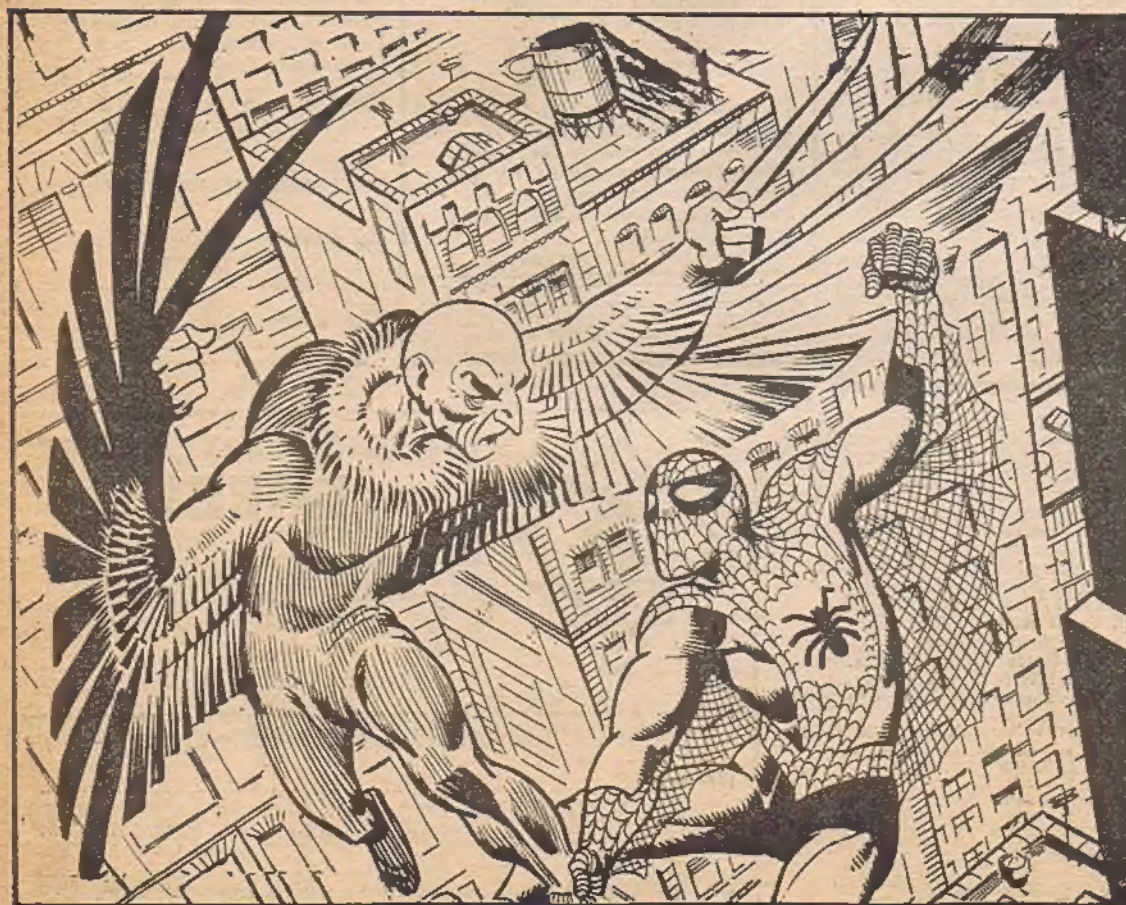


THE NIGHTMARE HAS ENDED! AT LAST... IT'S OVER!

YOU HAVE ONLY ONE ARM AGAIN! EVERY LAST VESTIGE OF YOUR LIZARD IDENTITY HAS VANISHED!







TEN TIMES MORE CUNNING!

TEN TIMES MORE DANGEROUS!

AND TWENTY TIMES MORE THRILLING!

THAT'S THE VULTURE WHEN HE RETURNS TO YOUR PAGES AFTER A TWO-MONTHS' ABSENCE!

MAKE NEXT SATURDAY THE SECOND BEST THING TO CHRISTMAS BY LOOKING IN ON THE EPIC BATTLE!



Dear Alf and Bart,

Thanks for a really great comic. I agree with Bill Evans, your artwork's fab. I wish I could say the same for your spelling. For instance, your note at the foot of Bill Evans' letter in issue No. 5. (You wrote "ere! ere!" instead of "Hear! Hear!")

Also please, please don't put any soccer stories in your at-present fantastic comic. If we want these we'll buy a "Brand X" comic (don't worry, we won't!). In my opinion Spidey and Nick Fury minus soccer stories = POW! That's the formula you should keep locked up in your safe, away from the prying eyes of Brand X spies. (Hey! It rhymes!)

Also many congrats for FANTASTIC, it's almost as good as POW!

Graeme MacArthur, Wetherby, Yorkshire.

Whoops! Sack cloth and ashes for the rest of the week for us! Still, two words out of a million isn't bad.

Alf and Bart.

P.S. Any ideas we might have had for a soccer story have now been shelved.

**BY GOLLY — THEY'RE FREE!
YES — A SPIDEY T-SHIRT
IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR
GOES TO THE WRITER OF
EVERY PRINTED LETTER!**



Dear Alf and Bart,

You think you have all the trouble looking through our letters, but what about us?

We have to bash our heads on the side of our desks trying to think of something new to write about. As for me, I am the worst speller in our class so I have to be surrounded by dictionaries.

Michael Buck,

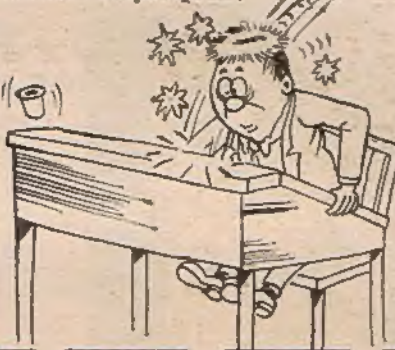
Whitby, Yorkshire.

P.S. My favourite feature is Nick Fury.

We didn't say that reading all your letters was a rotten job—in fact, it's the nicest of the whole week.

Alf and Bart.

P.S. You only made one spelling mistake—can you spot it?



Dear Alf and Bart,

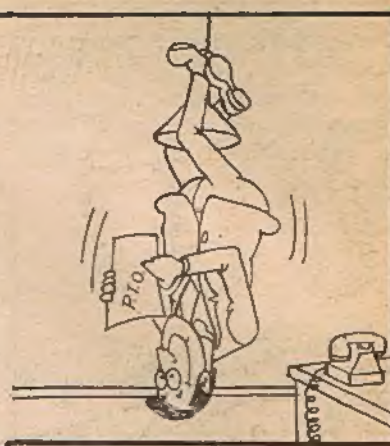
You Power-Potty (excuse me while I ask dad how to spell peepul correctly) People in Powerland must be pleased with yourselves for printing POW. Spidey and Nick Fury are FABULOUS. Also Dare-a-day Davy, the-Group and the Dolls of St Dominics are good.

I am proud to have Spidey's christian name.

How do you manage to read us readers' writing? (It's not all crystal-clear.)

Peter Stafford,
Portsmouth.

We read the letters upside-down.
They're easier to understand that way.
Alf and Bart.



Dear Alf and Bart,

A man called Isaac was sitting eating fish-heads. His friend Benny came along and said: "Why are you eating fish-heads?" Isaac said: "Because they make you brainy. I will sell you one for two shillings if you like." Benny ate the fish-head and went off. Suddenly he came running back and said: "I was a fool to give you two shillings for one fish-head—I could have bought a dozen round the corner for a shilling." "There you are," said Isaac, "they are working already!"

Anthony Hayward,
Bexley, Kent.

Nothing to do with POW, but we sort of liked it!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I am going to give this straight out. I think this kind of stuff is a swindle, because all my friends buy POW and most of them have sent complaints in, but none of them have been published, but the people who send in compliments get them published. Could you please tell me why. (I think Nick Fury is great).

Austin Foote,

Bangor, N. Ireland.

We publish interesting letters. People who send in complaints just for the sake of sending in complaints don't usually have anything interesting to say. But if someone has a genuine groan they stand as much chance as anyone else. (Like you.)

Alf and Bart.

**DON'T FORGET TO POST
IN THIS LITTLE WORK OF ART!**

Dear Alf and Bart,

Why isn't the Spider-Man shirt available in the shops? If they were, the unlucky ones could still enjoy having Spider-Man on their chests! I am going to France next month and I am sure that Spider-Man would get me through the customs.

I would also like to ask you how you came to be called "BART." Bart is a Yorkshire word meaning "without," but I don't think POW comes from Yorkshire.

Barry Kerlyson,

Birstall, Nr. Leeds.

At the moment, Spider-Man T-shirts are reserved for those who follow his stories—as they are the people who helped to make him what he is. As for the other question—have you ever heard of Black Bart, the baddest gunman in the whole Wild West? If you have, you won't wonder where your trusty co-editor gets his name from. He's real "quick on the draw" when it comes to producing papers!

Alf and Bart (but mainly Alf).

Dear Alf and Bart,

I have a copy of POW delivered every Saturday and when I went down to collect it, the milkman was reading it. We now have a red-faced milkman and a brainy one. It seems as if your comic POW is catching on fast.

Vaughan Harrington,

Hornchurch, Essex.

Which just goes to prove that POW is the cream of the comic market!

Alf and Bart.

MY FAVOURITE FEATURE IN POW IS:—

THE FEATURE I DON'T LIKE IS:—

MY AGE IS:—



111

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OF THE PAPER
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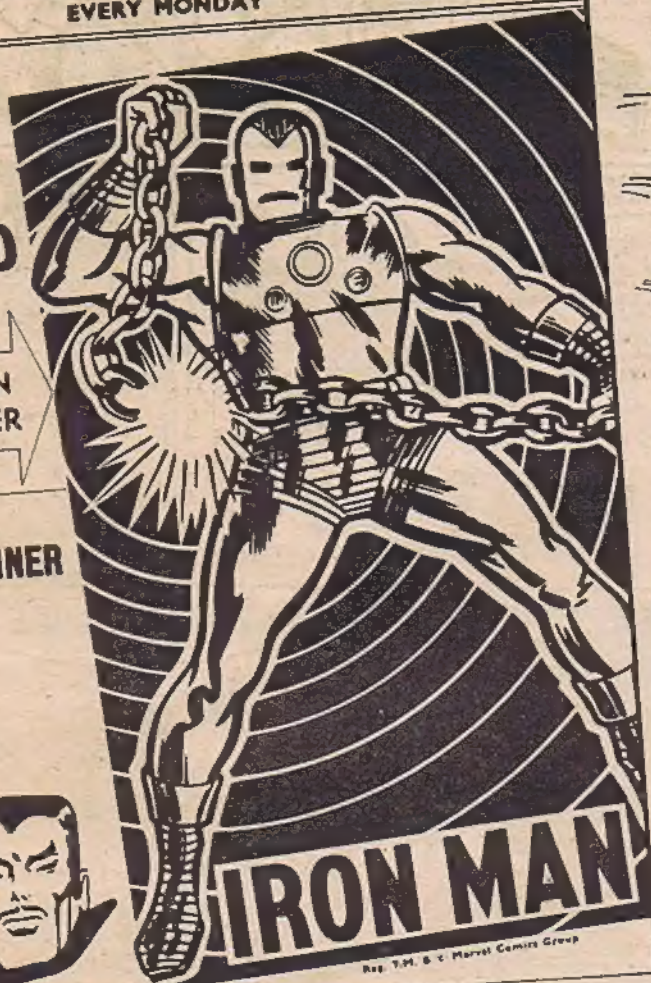
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The SUB-MARINER



DOCTOR STRANGE
Master of the Mystic Arts

AND THE MIGHTY AVENGERS...



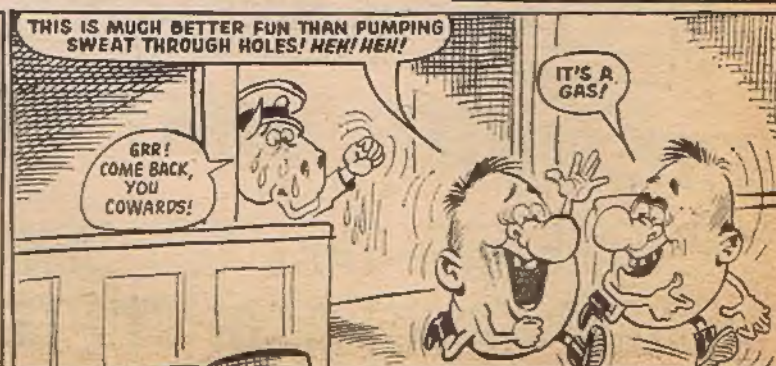
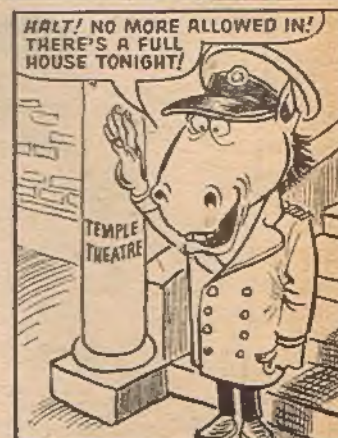
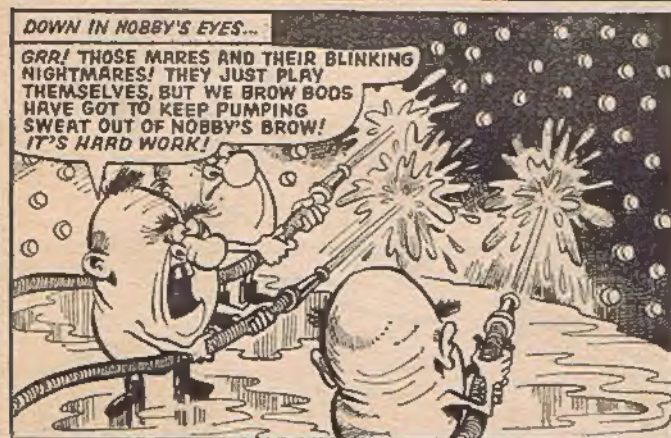
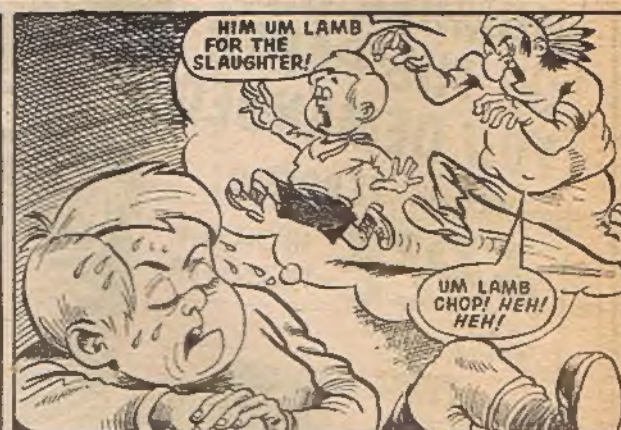
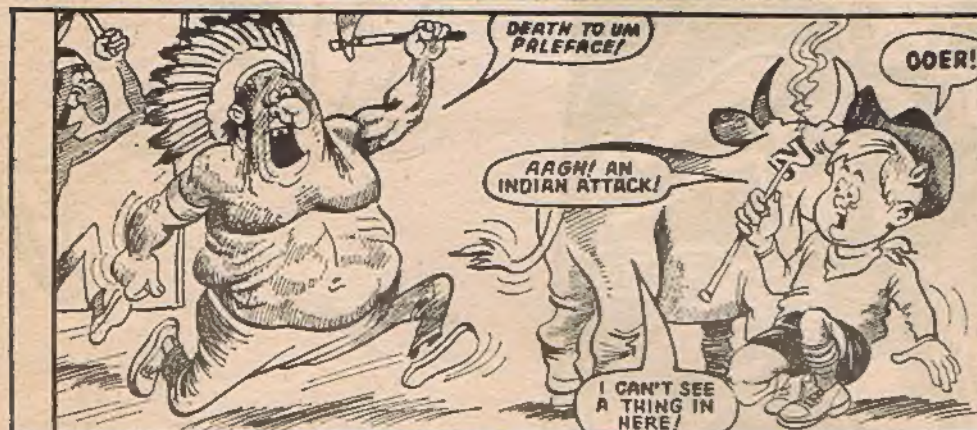
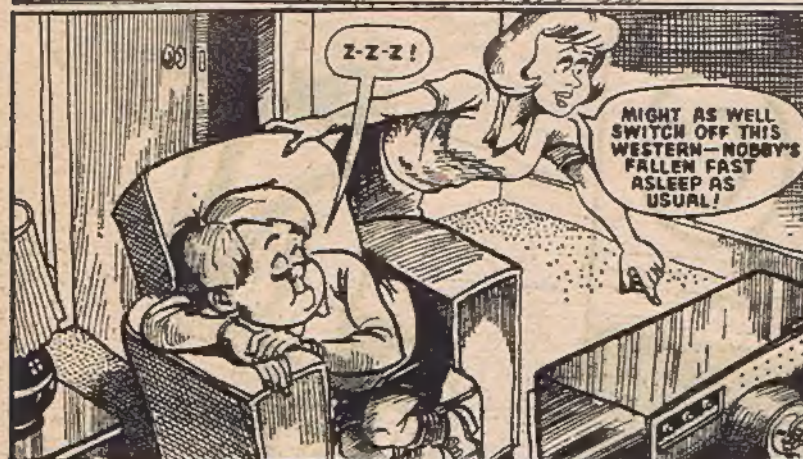
IRON MAN

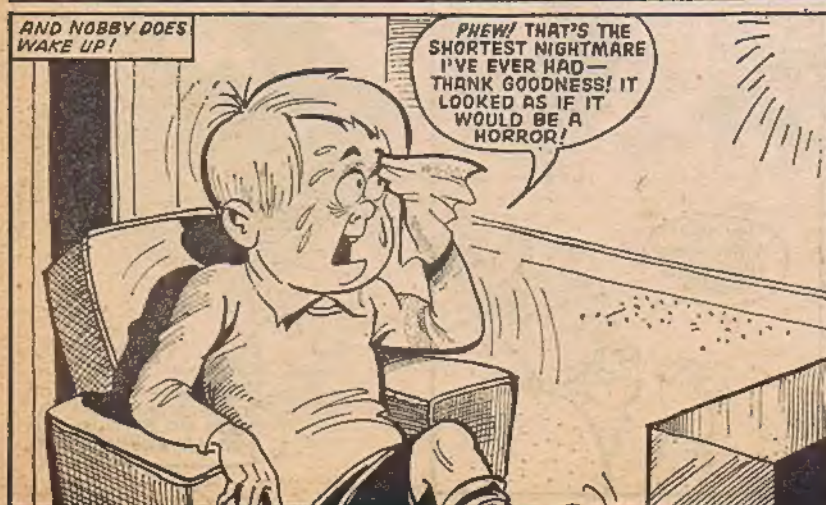
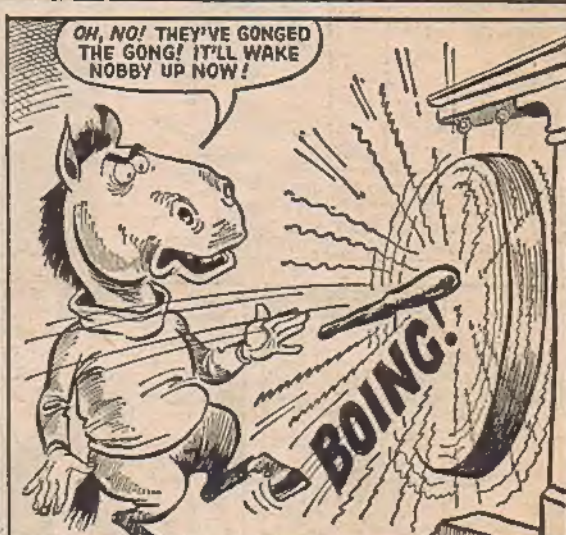
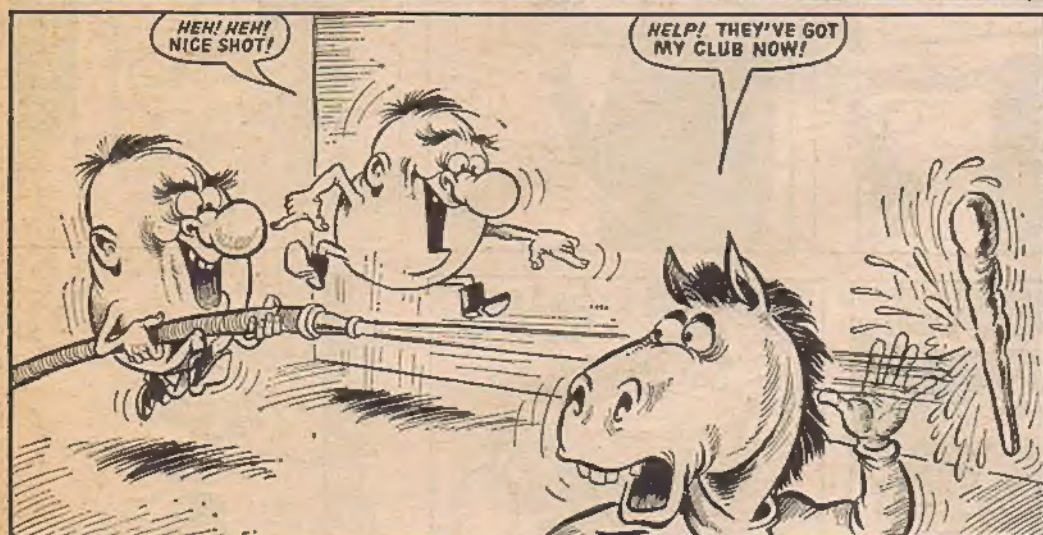
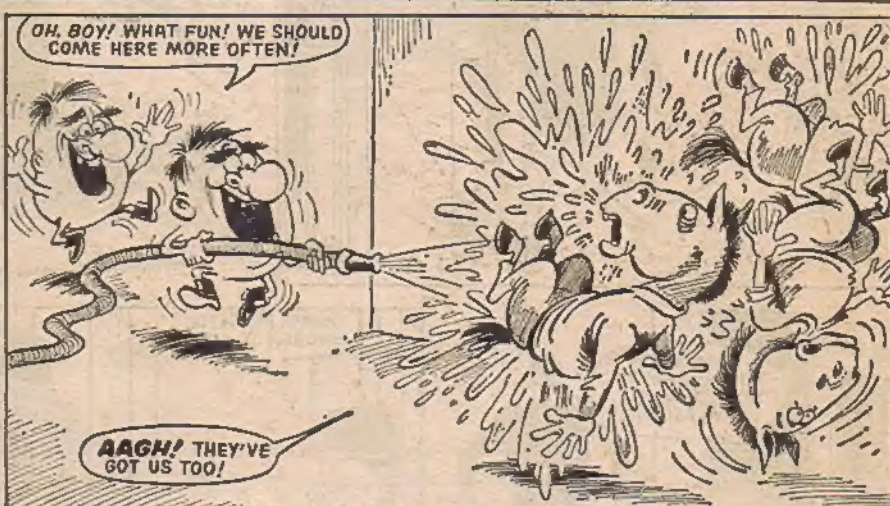
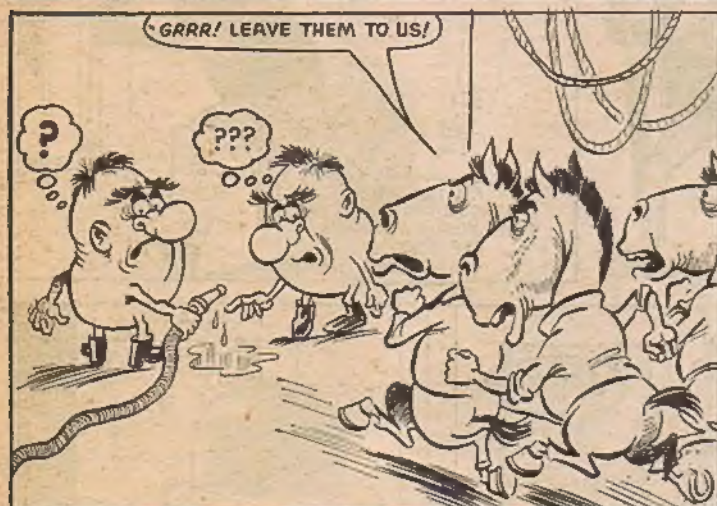
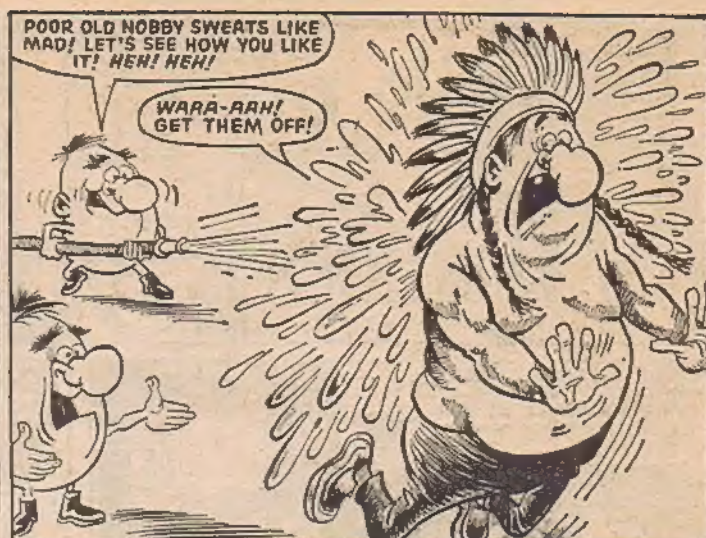
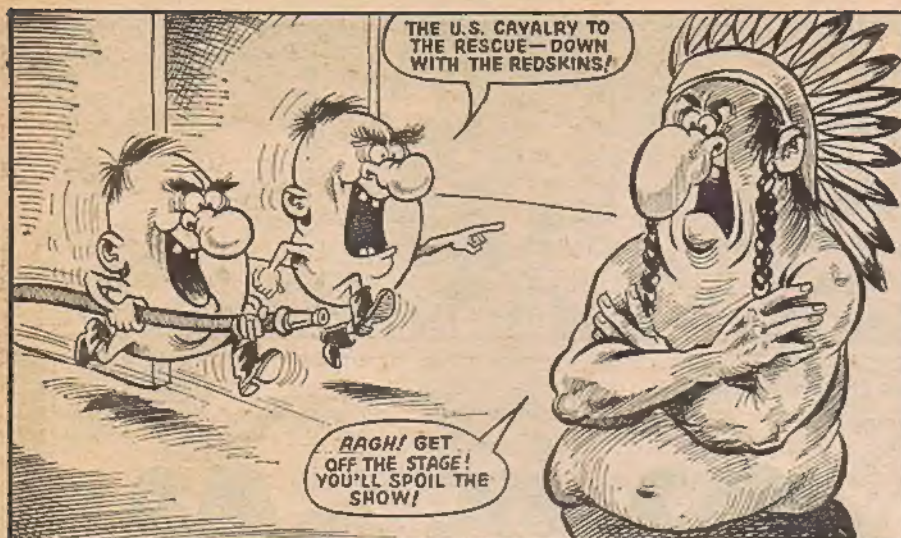
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group

**THE COMIC THAT YOU DEMANDED
PLUS
THE FREE GIFT THAT YOU DEMANDED—A FANTABULOUS
IRON-ON TRANSFER OF **THE IRON MAN!****

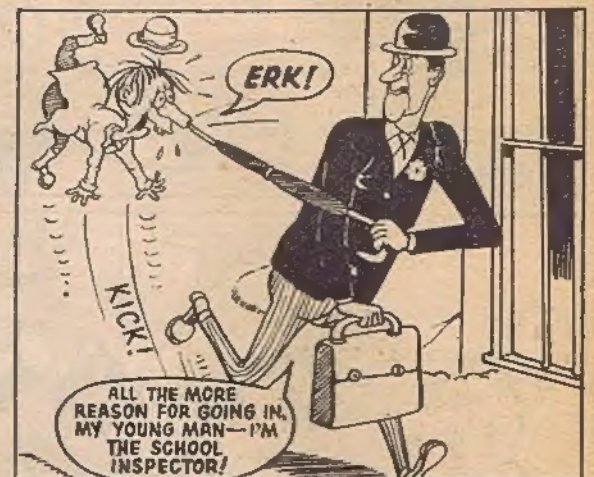


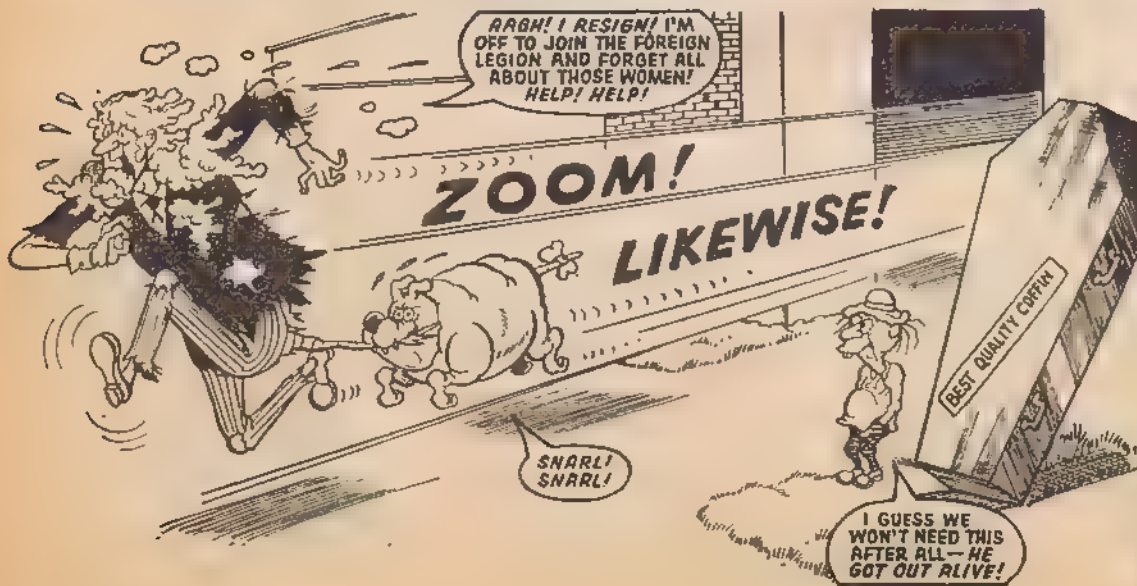
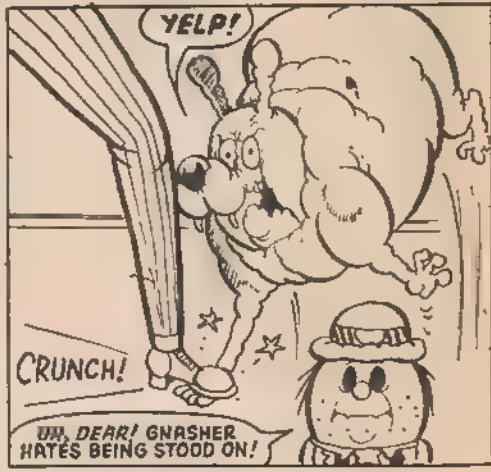
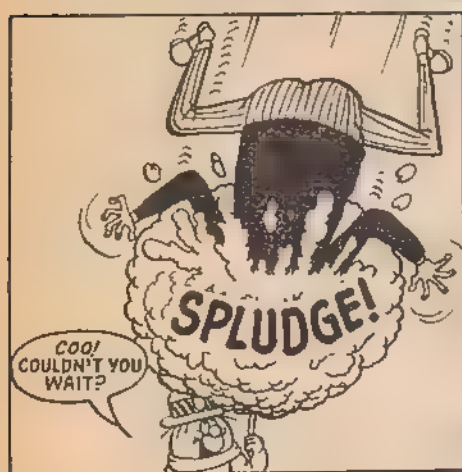
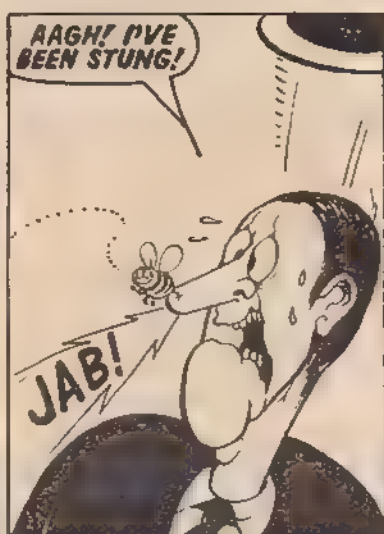
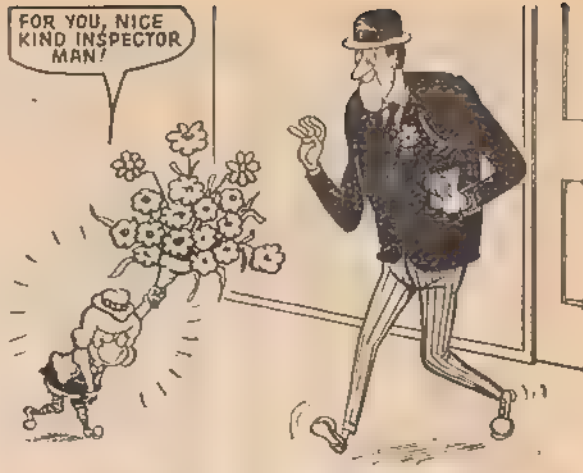
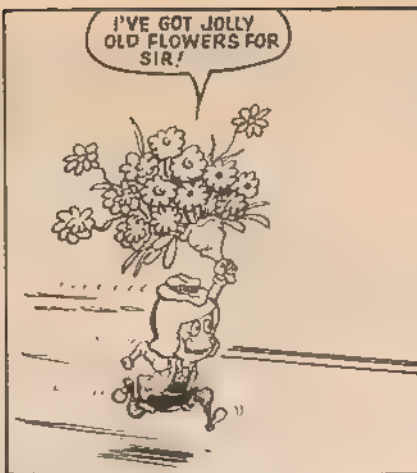
NOBBY'S NIGHT MARES



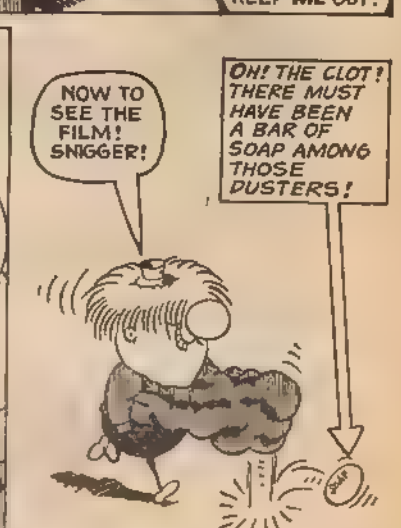


The Dolls of St. Dominic's





KICKS



news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.

ALL RIGHT—YOU WIN AGAIN! Despite all the noble efforts we've made these many months past to provide you frantic ones with all the literary nourishment any reasonable fan could expect, you still insist upon being given more Super-Heroes of the Power-House Breed. So, since we hate the thought of any of our Power-Pack People having nothing better to do than watch television we put the word TERRIFIC at the top of a page and then we followed on with forty pages featuring such wondrous characters as The Avengers (remember those golden days when they guest-starred in SMASH with old Green-skin himself?); Sub-Mariner (who has already earned undying fame as a result of his every-now-and-again appearances in some of the most memorable masterpieces we've ever published); and Doctor Strange—master supreme of the mystic arts! What a cast of characters! What a Princely Paper! What a team of tired editorial men here & the garret!

TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

David Rowley, Harlington, Middx; Alan Morton, Maidenhead, Cheshire; Peter Harding, Tamworth, Staffs; John Wilkinson, Grays, Essex; Rob Jackson, Hull, Yorkshire; F. McHugh, Bootle, Lancs; Tony Lambert, Garston, Liverpool; Antony Edelman, Tottenham, London, N.15; Chris Daily, Hassocks, Sussex; Clive Spencer, Cheadle, Cheshire; Ian Balder, Sunderland, Co Durham; Eric Foster, Darnell, Sheffield; David Reeves, Hillingdon, Middx; Peter Codd, Camberley, Surrey; Jonathan Edgar, Kilburn, London, N.W.6; George Hamilton, Kingston, Surrey; Martyn O'Connell, Stockport, Cheshire; Graham Smith, Brockley, London, S.E.4; Paul Christie, Hampstead, London, N 3; Daniel Fullarton, Barlanark, Glasgow, Scotland.

This is benefit week for Iron Man. Because aside from taking up a proud place in the Avengers team, he's also appearing in this week's FANTASTIC in the snazzy new lightest and latest iron suit that he designed for himself. We think he looks kind of cute in it—and he says it's even stronger than the old one. If he's right it must be really tough—because he wore out enough super-villains with the old one and didn't even get a dent in it. Anyone want a second-hand iron suit? Good condition—going cheap!

What fools we be! We knew there was something else we wanted to say about Iron Man—and glancing at our scribbled notes we recall what it was! Remember that iron-on transfer of Spiderman that we gave away with POW? Well, if you're one of the thousands of unfortunates who failed to get one of those, take heart! Because the first issue of TERRIFIC will contain an iron-on transfer of (Aw—you spoiled it by guessing!) none other than Iron Man.

Iron-on Iron Man! What a phrase!



Radiator hinges forward ☐ Press front of car to fire forward block buster rocket ☐ Press rear to fire four harpoons—one at a time or all together ☐ Lady Penelope and Parker ☐ Sliding cockpit canopy ☐ Jewelled headlights ☐ Suspension ☐ Authentic colours ☐ Superb finish ☐ Plated details ☐ Number plate ☐ Length 5½" ☐ Retail Price 15/11d.

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From Hamleys, Harrods, Gamages, Selfridges, and all good toy shops.

Always something new from DINKY TOYS Manufactured by Meccano Ltd · Binns Rd · Liverpool

THE HOWLING COMMAND

HAVE E
PAGES OF HIST
TIMES. BUT THE
NONE MORE FAMOU
LED BY SERGEA
PARTS OF EUN
COLONEL I

SGT. NICK FURY:

SIX FOOT TWO OF STEEL-MUSCLED, IRON-NERVED FIGHTING MAN! FURY BELIEVES IN MAKING HIS MEN FEAR HIM SO MUCH THAT THEY WOULD RATHER FACE HOPELESS ODDS THAN FACE HIS ANGER! IT'S RUMOURED THAT HE'S REALLY GOT A HEART, BUT NO ONE CAN PROVE IT!

ROBERT "REBEL" RALSTON:

THIS LEAN EX-JOCKEY FROM THE BLUE-GRASS COUNTRY OF KENTUCKY IS A LOT TOUGHER THAN HIS SMALL SIZE MAKES HIM APPEAR! AND THERE ARE PLENTY OF MISSING-IN-ACTION NAZIS AND FASCISTS TO PROVE IT!

GABRIEL JONES:

"GABE" USED TO BLOW THE SWEETEST TRUMPET YOU COULD HOPE TO HEAR. NOW HE GIVES OUT WITH THE HOT LICKS ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE... BUT HIS NOTES ARE JUST TRUE, AND HIS HAND AND HEART AS STEADY AS EVER.

CORPORAL "DUM-DUM" DUGAN:

THIS ONE-TIME CIRCUS STRONGMAN IS SGT. FURY'S GOOD RIGHT ARM! POWERFUL, FEARLESS, AND EASY-GOING, HE'S A ROARING TIGER WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN!

JONATHAN "JUNIOR" JUNIPER:

FRESH OUT OF TOP CLASS COLLEGE JUNIOR IS THE CHEERFUL EAGER-BEAVER OF THE GROUP! BUT DON'T LET HIS YOUTHFUL SMILE FOOL YOU! HE'S FAST AS A PANTHER, AND JUST AS DANGEROUS!

DINO
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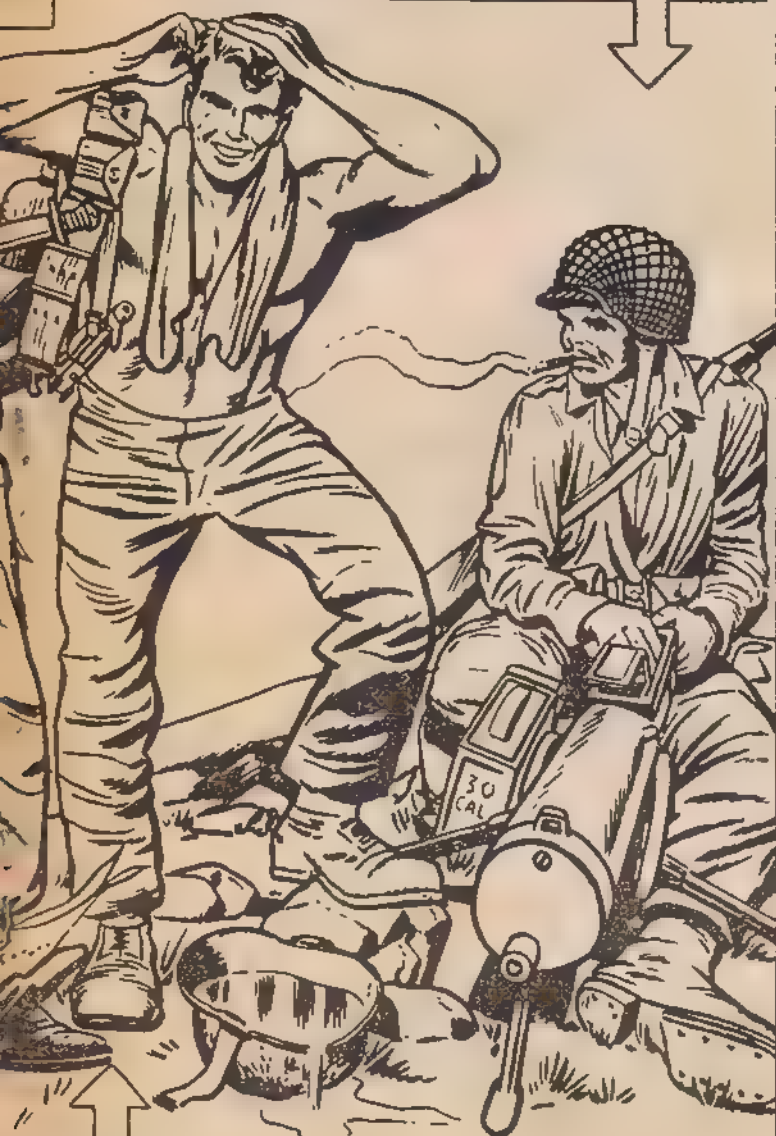


THE BRITISH COMMANDOS ENTERED THEIR NAMES INTO THE GLORIOUS ROLL, AND THEIR STORIES HAVE BEEN TOLD MANY TIMES. AMERICANS ALSO HAD THEIR COMMANDOS—AND MORE THAN THE GROUP KNOWN AS "THE HOWLERS". AT NICK FURY, THEY BLAZED INTO ACTION IN ALL THEATRES. YOU'VE ALREADY MET NICK FURY AS A SUPER-HERO. NOW MEET HIM AS THE LEADER OF...

COMMANDOS

IZZY COHEN:

THIS SCRAPPY, TOUGH MASTER MECHANIC LOVES MACHINERY THE WAY SOME MEN LOVE FAME AND FORTUNE! HE CAN REPAIR ANYTHING... EXCEPT THE SORROW IN HIS SOUL WHEN HE REMEMBERS THE FATE OF HIS RELATIVES IN EUROPE AT THE HANDS OF THE MAD LITTLE MAN WITH THE MOUSTACHE!



DO MANELLI: YOU MIGHT HAVE SEEN HIM IN THE MOVIES, UNDER ANOTHER NAME; FOR THIS HANDSOME SUPER-HERO GAVE UP A PROMISING CAREER AS AN ACTOR IN ORDER TO REPAY THE COUNTRY HE LOVES FOR ALL IT HAS GIVEN HIM!

TIME: THE SECOND WORLD WAR! PLACE: A FRENCH UNDERGROUND COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE, DEEP IN OCCUPIED TERRITORY!

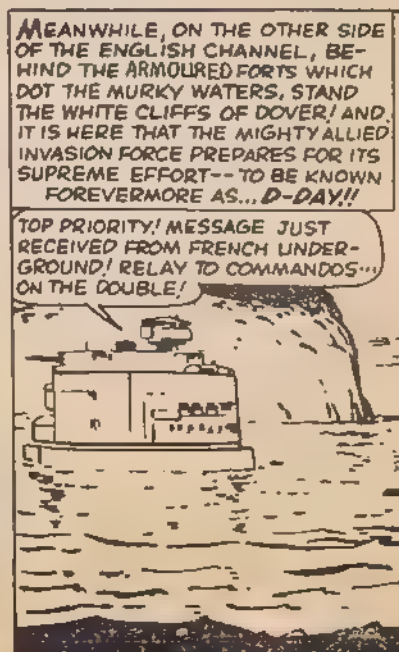
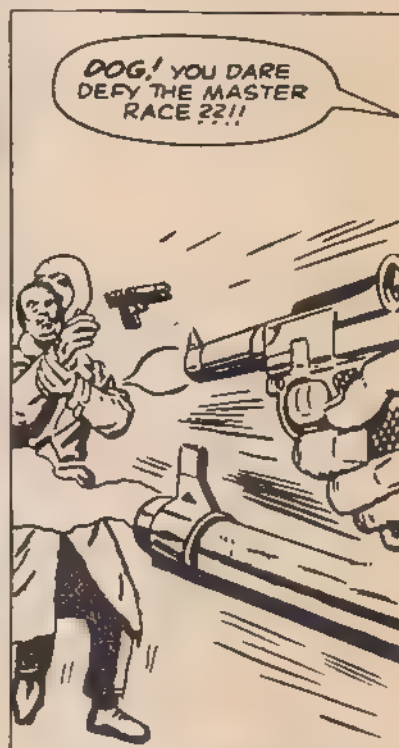
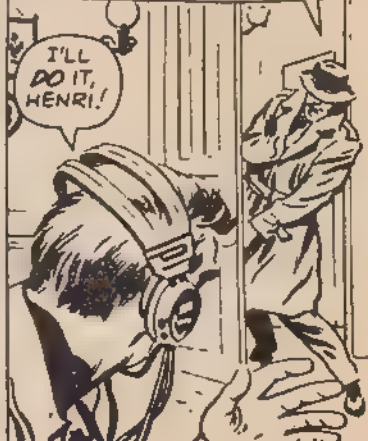
SHOTS OUTSIDE! THE NAZIS HAVE DISCOVERED US!

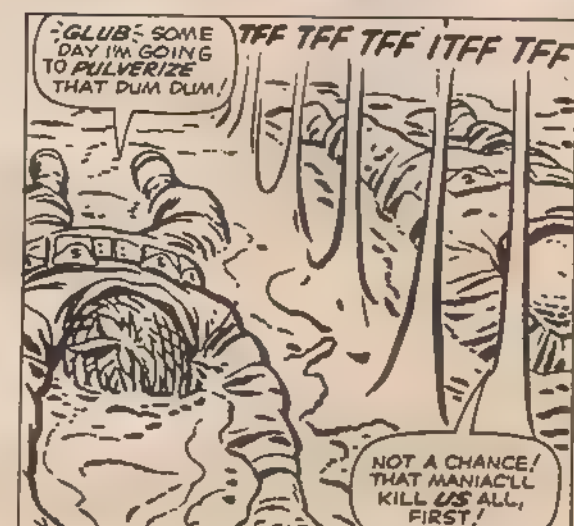
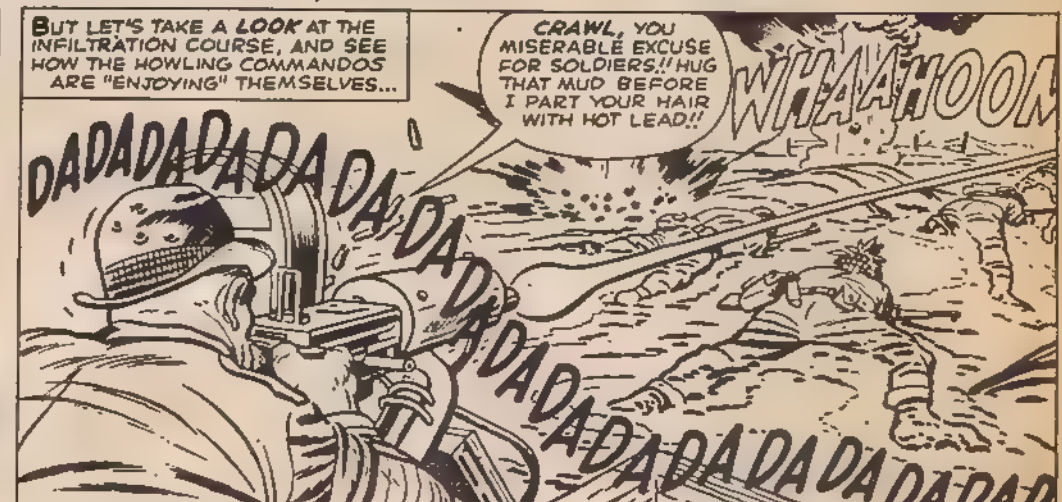
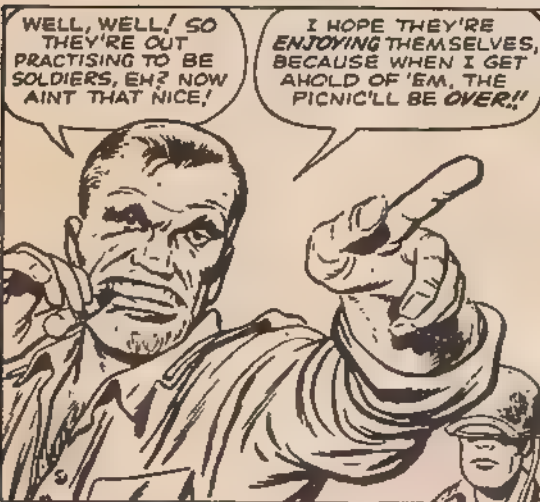
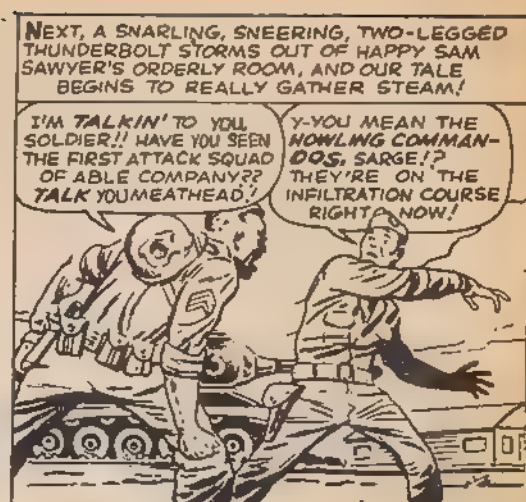
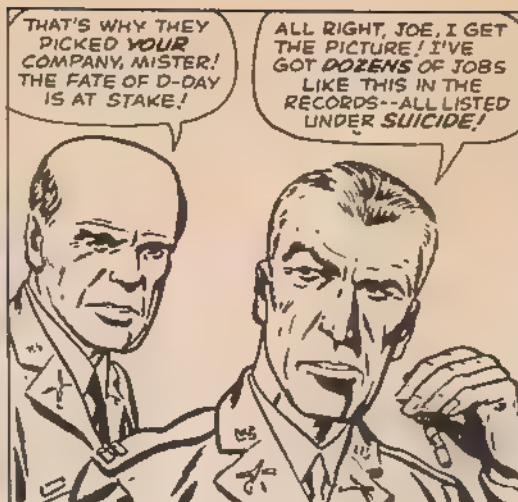
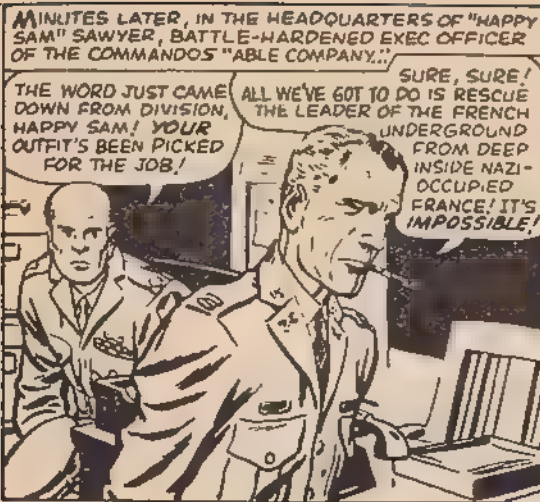


Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1963



SUDDENLY... PIERRE! THE GESTAPO IS RIGHT BEHIND ME! YOU MUST SEND A MESSAGE TO THE COMMANDOS! ONLY THEY CAN DO WHAT MUST BE DONE! HURRY! I'LL HOLD THE NAZIS OFF, WHILE I CAN!



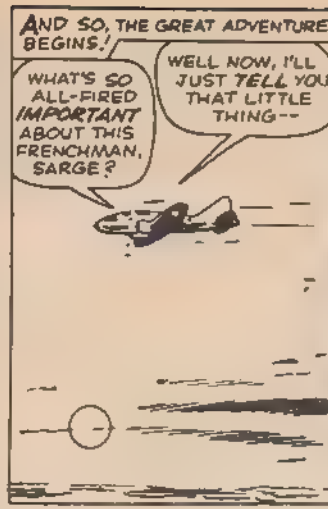




WE'RE GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE PLEASURE TRIP TO FRANCE TO RESCUE A GUY FROM THE BIG BAD NAZIS! NOW AIN'T THAT NICE?

YOU MEAN OUR SEVEN-MAN SQUAD AGAINST THE WHOLE BLAMED GERMAN ARMY??

THE WHOLE SEVEN OF US?? HECK, WE'LL OUT-NUMBER THEM NAZIS!!



AND SO, THE GREAT ADVENTURE BEGINS!

WHAT'S SO ALL-FIRED IMPORTANT ABOUT THIS FRENCHMAN, SARGE?

WELL NOW, I'LL JUST TELL YOU THAT LITTLE THING--



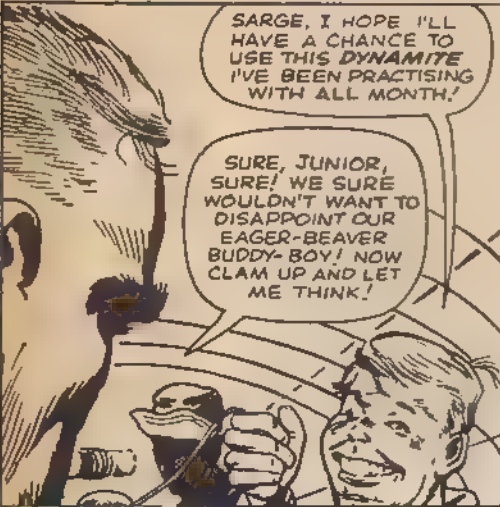
HE HAPPENS TO KNOW THE TIME OF D-DAY!! AND IF THE NAZIS TORTURE IT OUT OF HIM, IT COULD BE THE END OF OUR INVASION! SAVVY?

SO WE GOT TO RESCUE HIM BEFORE HE SPILLS THE BEANS, HUM?

YOU SURE MAKE IT SOUND NICE AND SIMPLE, DUM DUM!

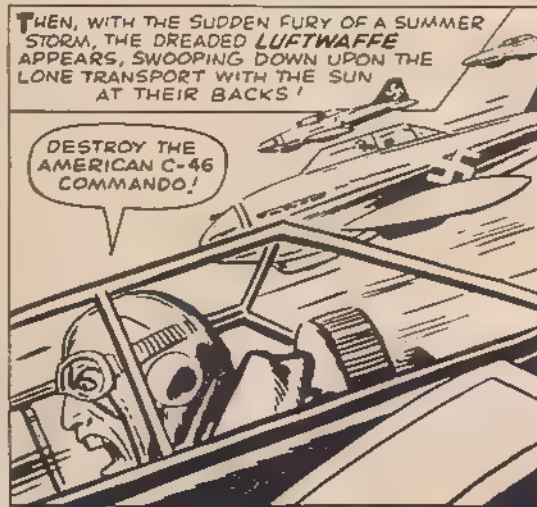
HEY, GABRIEL! PLAY US A LITTLE JAZZ TO LIVEN THINGS UP, HUM?

WHY NOT, MAN?



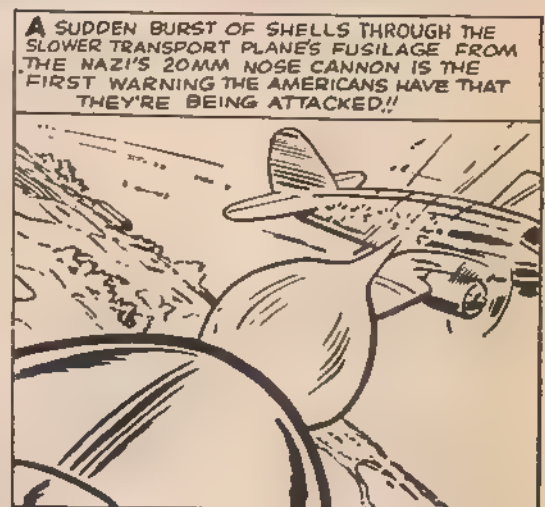
SARGE, I HOPE I'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO USE THIS DYNAMITE I'VE BEEN PRACTISING WITH ALL MONTH!

SURE, JUNIOR, SURE! WE SURE WOULDN'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT OUR EAGER-BEATER BUDDY-BOY! NOW CLAM UP AND LET ME THINK!



THEN, WITH THE SUDDEN FURY OF A SUMMER STORM, THE DREADED LUFTWAFFE APPEARS, SWOOPING DOWN UPON THE LONE TRANSPORT WITH THE SUN AT THEIR BACKS!

DESTROY THE AMERICAN C-46 COMMANDO!



A SUDDEN BURST OF SHELLS THROUGH THE SLOWER TRANSPORT PLANE'S FUSILAGE FROM THE NAZI'S 20MM NOSE CANNON IS THE FIRST WARNING THE AMERICANS HAVE THAT THEY'RE BEING ATTACKED!!



AND THEN...

GRAB YOUR HARDWARE, GUYS! WE GOT US SOME COMPANY!!



SERGEANT, OUR SHIP IS PRETTY BADLY SHOT UP! WE MAY NOT MAKE IT TO OUR DESTINATION! WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?



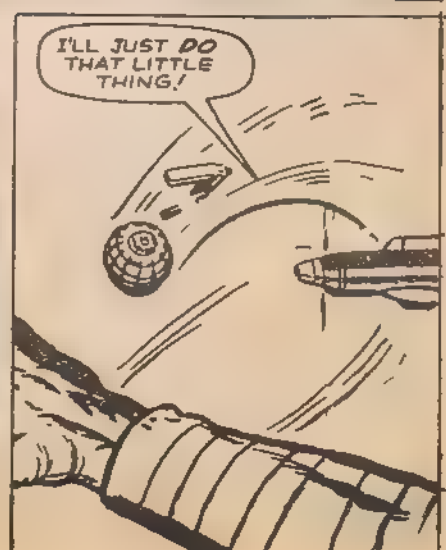
WE STILL GOT A LITTLE JOB TO TAKE CARE OF!

ALL RIGHT, YOU LUNKHEADS... HIT THE SILK!!

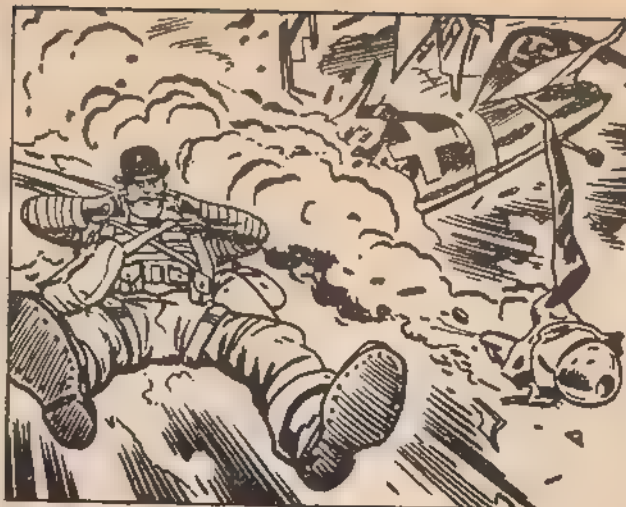


HEY, SARGE, THEM NAZIS DON'T KNOW WHEN TO QUIT! THEY'RE STILL SHOOTIN' AT OUR PLANE!

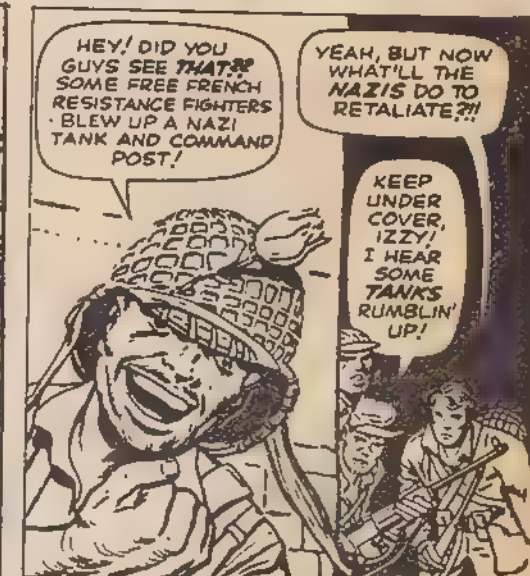
DON'T TELL ME YOUR TROUBLES, DUM DUM! YOU GOT A GRENADE, HAVEN'T YOU? USE IT!



I'LL JUST DO THAT LITTLE THING!



THE REST OF FURY'S REMARKS ARE UNREPEATABLE SO WE'LL SKIP THEM.
WE'LL ALSO SKIP THE RE-GROUPING AND THE SEARCH TO DISCOVER THEIR
WHEREABOUTS, AND MOVE ON A FEW MILES...



FROM THE SOUND OF THAT LAST
REMARK YOU COULD GET THE
IMPRESSION THINGS ARE
BEGINNING TO WARM UP!
FACT IS, NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE
IS SO HOT IT IS LIABLE TO
EXPLODE! BUT TAKE A CHANCE
AND

BE AROUND!

"...and for my next trick..."

HERE - OR THERE?

EFFECT

A bottle of washing-up liquid changes places with a can of lemonade. Then both disappear, and in their place are two piles of confetti or sawdust!

WHAT YOU NEED

- (1) Two plastic washing-up liquid bottles, as alike as possible.
- (2) Two cans of lemonade of slightly smaller circumference than the plastic bottles. They too should look as alike as possible. Cut the bottoms out of the cans (guess where you put the contents!). The thumbscrew type of can-opener gives a neat, clean cut.
- (3) Two paper tubes to fit over the plastic bottles with about six inches to spare over the tops. Wallpaper is ideal.
- (4) Some confetti or sawdust.
- (5) A tray.



(NOTE - CUT THE BOTTOMS FROM THE LEMONADE CANS AND WASHO BOTTLES)



SET IT UP

Place two small piles of confetti on the tray. On top of these place the lemonade cans, right way up. Clear excess confetti. Place the plastic bottles over the cans. The tall paper tubes go over the whole lot.



PRACTISE

Just lift the tubes—the plastic bottles appear. Press the tubes and lift—the cans appear. Press just a little harder, lift—only the confetti is left on the tray.

But remember, you are only supposed to have one bottle and one can!

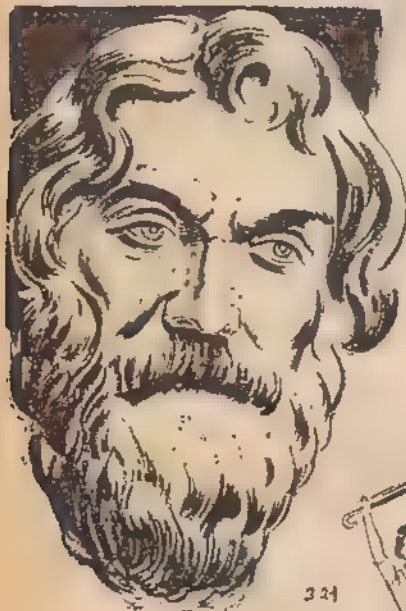
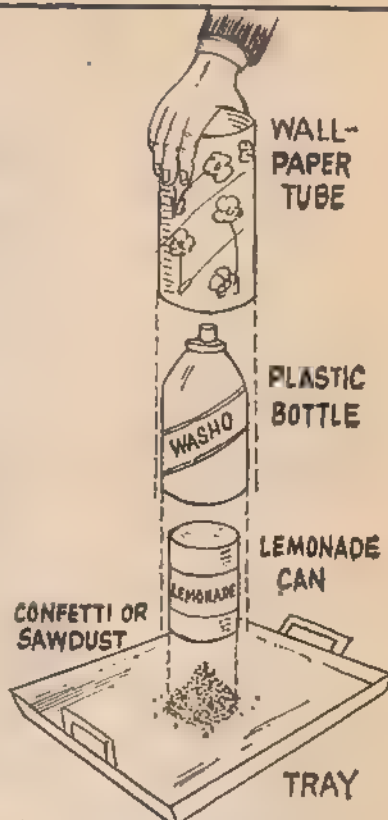
You will soon discover that you can make the bottle and can appear to change places, then disappear altogether, and finally change into confetti.

(N.B.—If you leave out the confetti and use untampered cans of lemonade, one may be "consumed on the premises" at the close of the performance!)



NEXT WEEK:

UNDER COVER!



324

Ripley's—Believe It or Not!



TOMBSTONES
SHAPED LIKE SHIPS
USED IN BORNEO
TO TRANSPORT THE SOUL
TO HEAVEN!

CALF BORN
WITH 6 LEGS—
Vogelmacher Farm
Esting, West Germany



WAYNESBURG
A TOWN IN
Pennsylvania
HAS HAD RAIN
ON JULY 29th
FOR 77 OF THE
PAST 87
YEARS



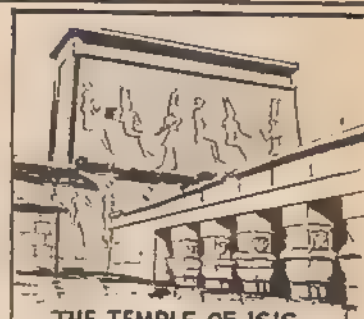
EMPEROR YU, THE GREAT
LAST RULER OF CHINA'S HIA
DYNASTY, WAS DEPOSED FOR
EXTRAVAGANCE AFTER A
PARTY IN WHICH GUESTS
WERE TRANSPORTED IN JUNKS
ON A LAKE CONSISTING
ENTIRELY OF WINE



THE DAYAKS of Borneo
MAKE A NEW SET OF DISHES
OUT OF BAMBOO AND LEAVES
FOR EACH MEAL—
THE USED DISHES ARE
ALWAYS THROWN AWAY



"REBEL"
A DOG OWNED BY
BOBBY LARSON, HAS
OUTLINED ON HER CHEST
A MAP OF THE UNITED
STATES



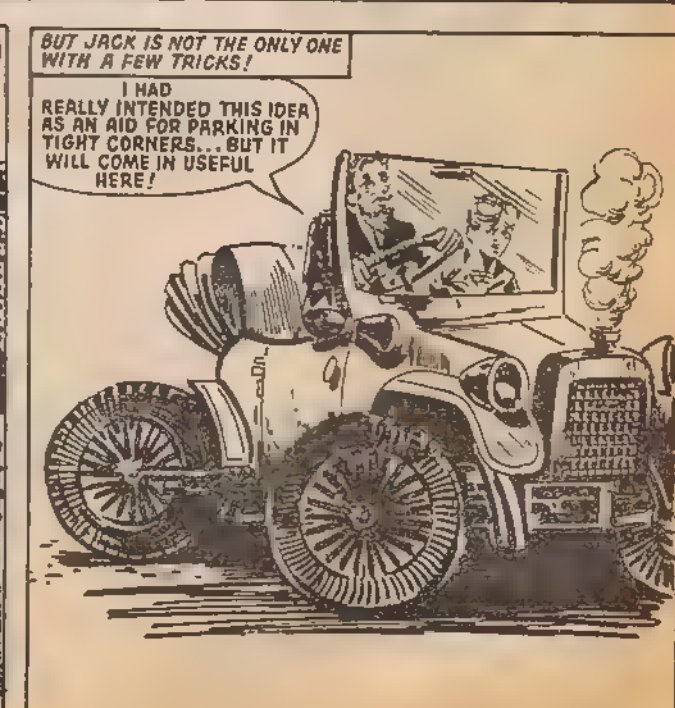
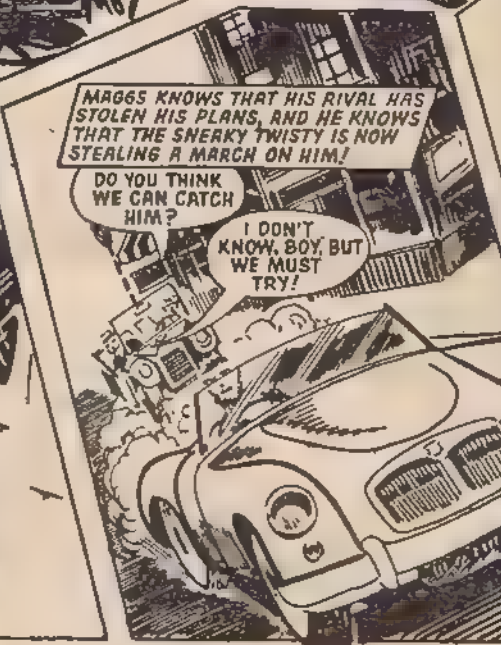
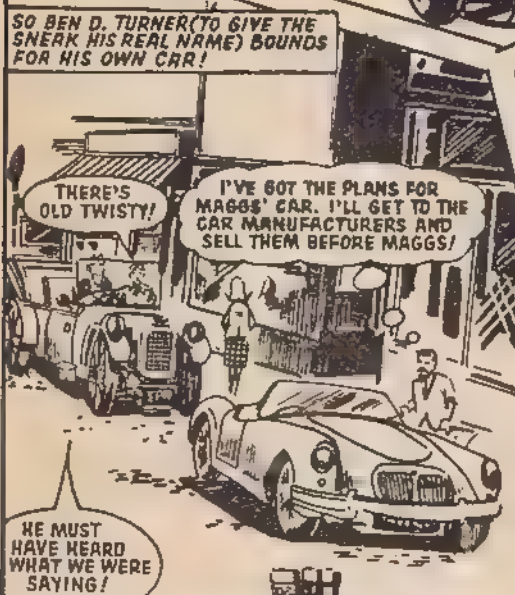
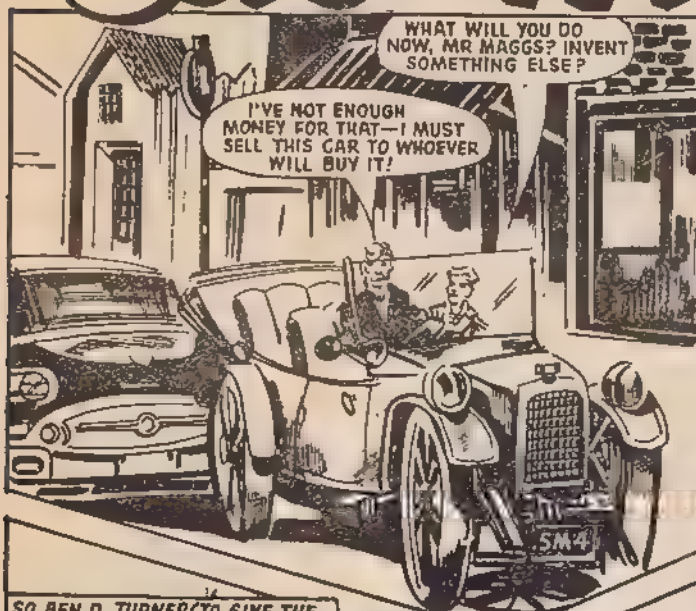
THE TEMPLE OF ISIS
on the island of Philae, Egypt;
WAS BUILT IN 350 B.C. WITHOUT
MORTAR OF ANY KIND—YET IT HAS
ENDURED FOR 2315 YEARS ALTHOUGH
SINCE 1907 IT HAS BEEN COMPLETELY
SUBMERGED BY THE RIVER NILE
8 MONTHS OF EACH YEAR

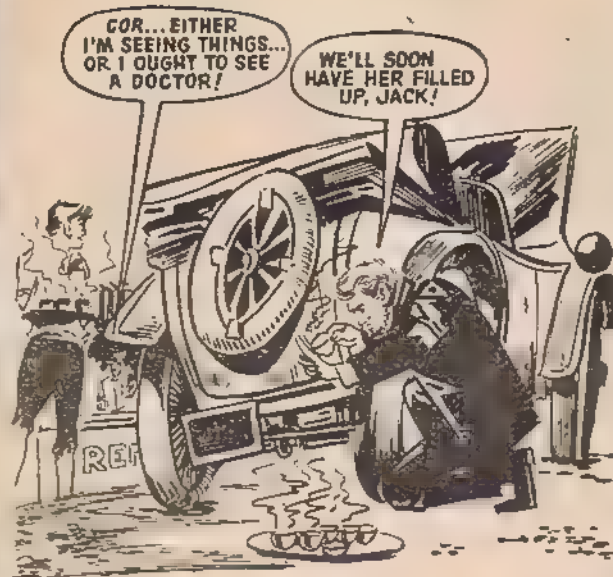
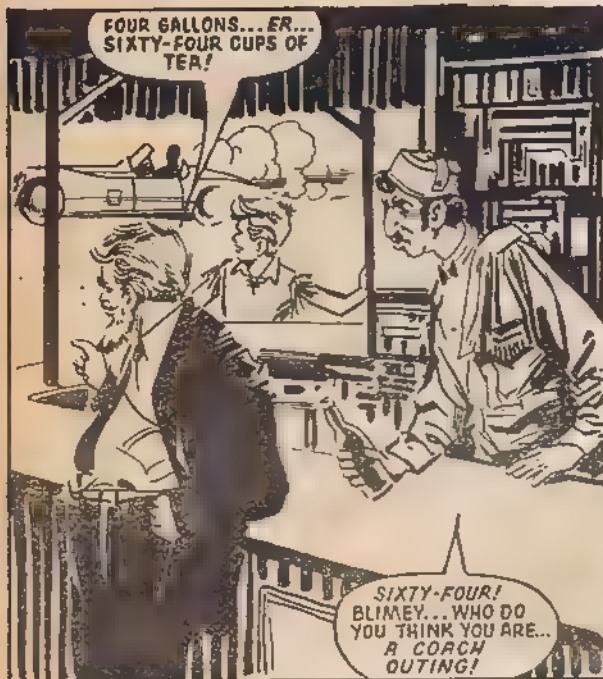
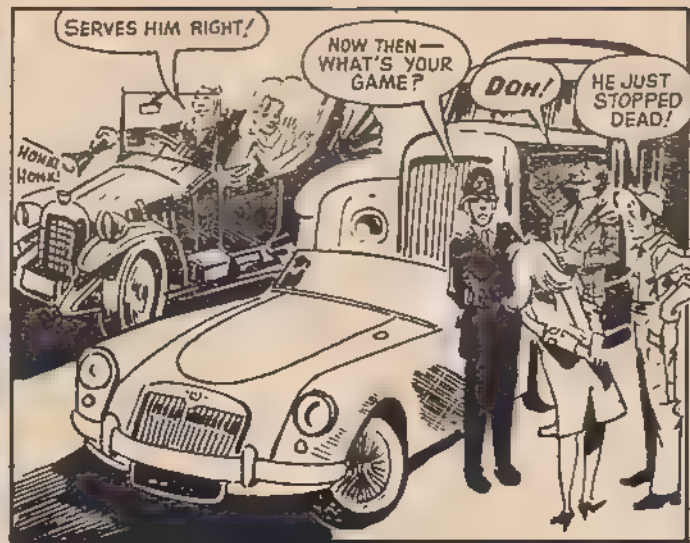
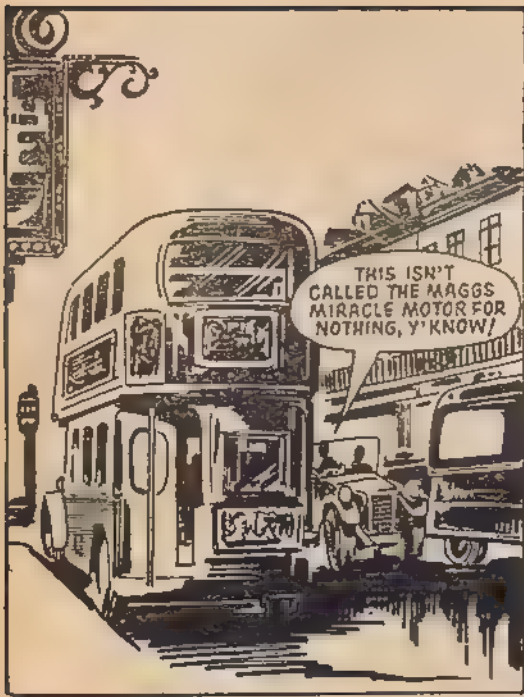
THE MAN WHO DIED A LITTLE
ON EACH BIRTHDAY!
ANTIPATER
A PHILOSOPHER OF
Syracuse, Greece,
RAN A SEVERE FEVER
ON EACH BIRTHDAY AND
DIED IN 212 B.C. ON HIS
86th BIRTHDAY!

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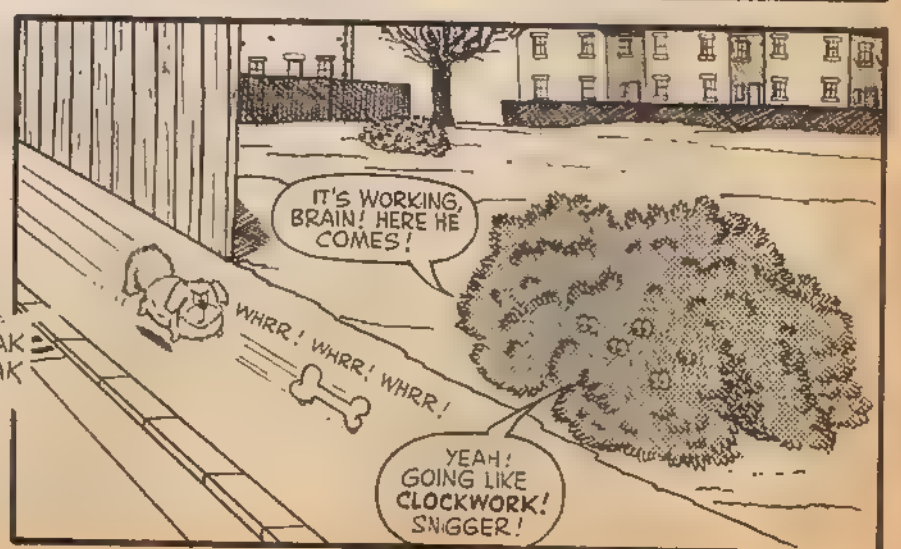
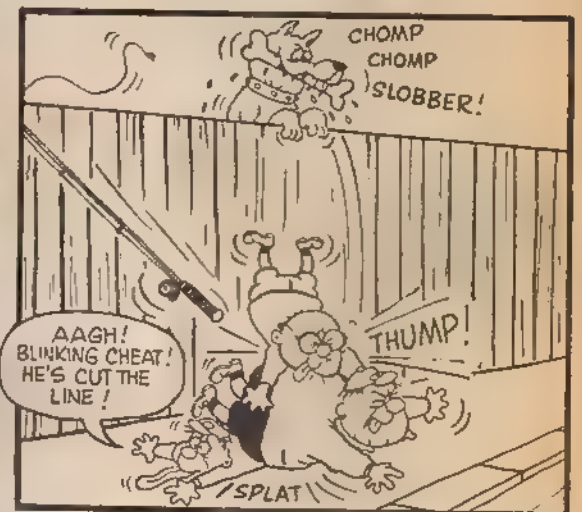
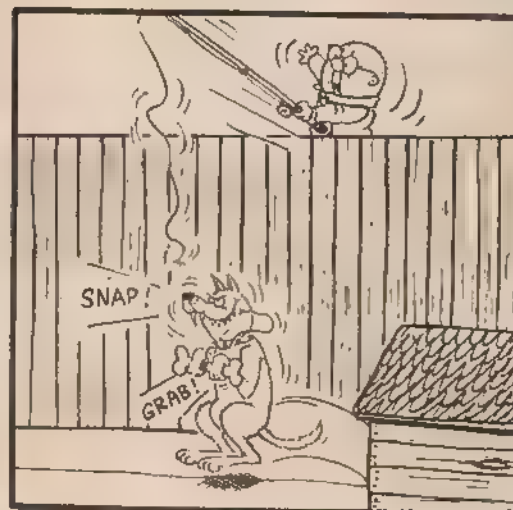
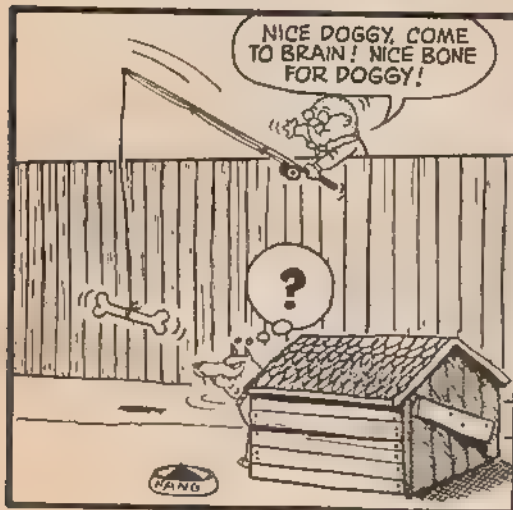
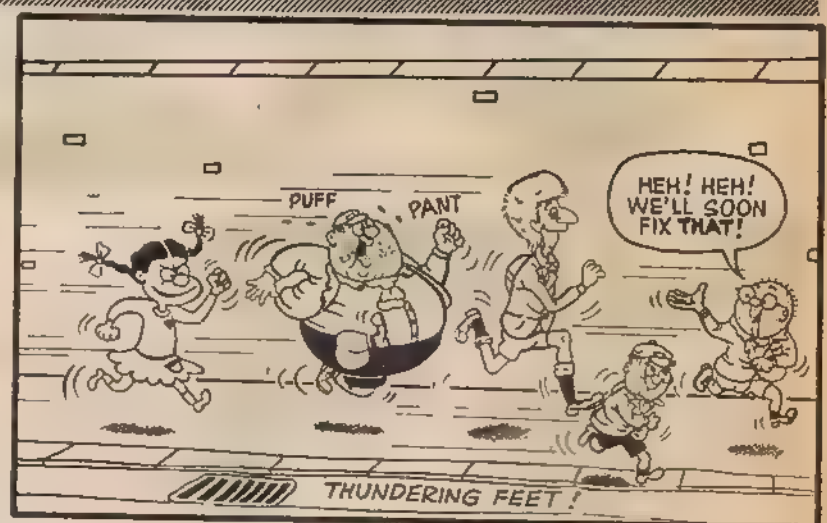
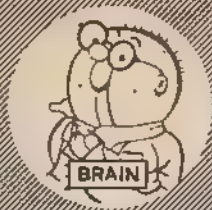
Jack Magic

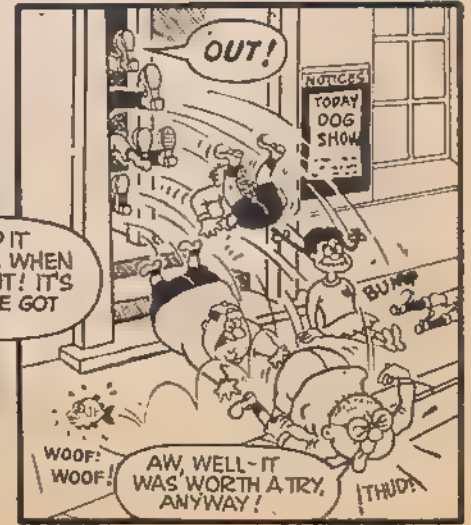
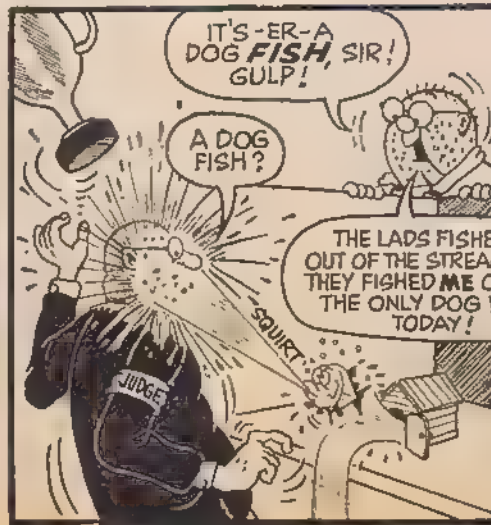
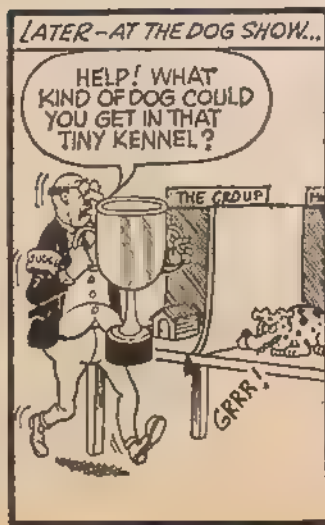
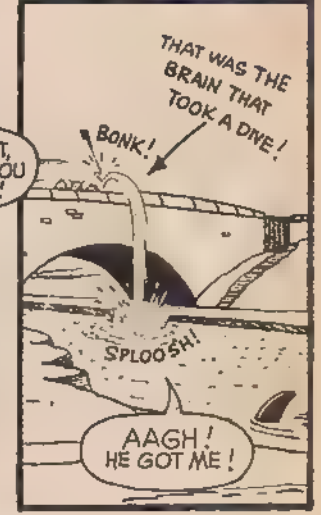
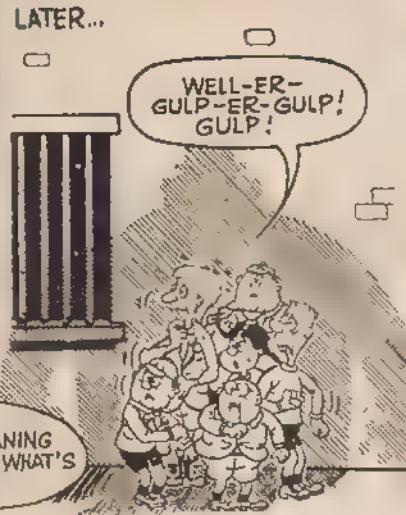
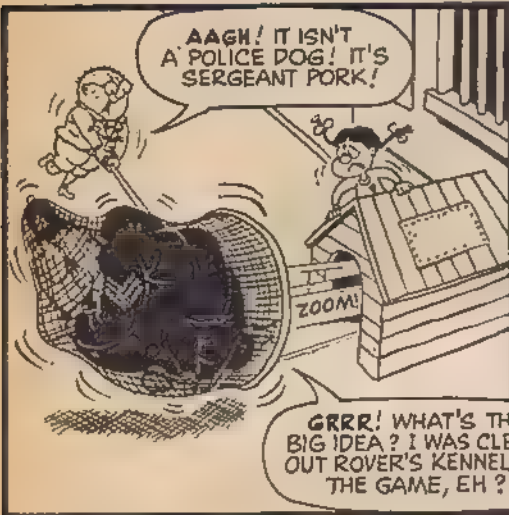
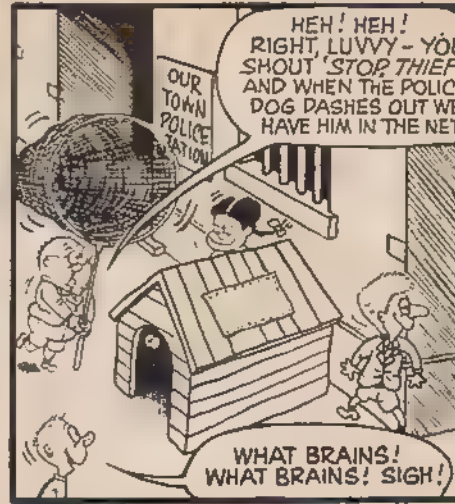
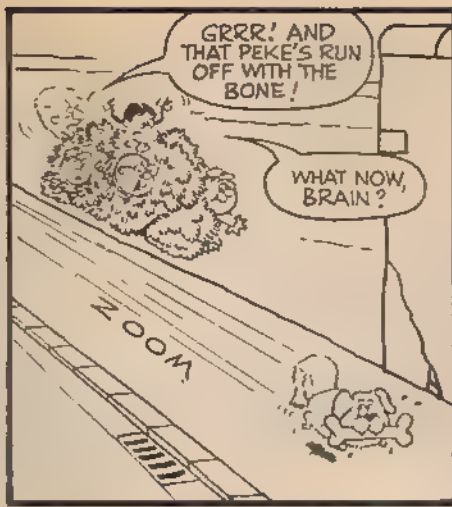
JACK, A LAD WITH A MAGIC BOTTLE THAT CASTS SPELLS OFTEN IN A MOST PECULIAR WAY, HAS BEEN BEFRIENDED BY STEPHEN MAGGS, AN INVENTOR. WITH THE HELP OF JACK'S MAGIC BOTTLE HE HAS INVENTED A WONDER CAR THAT RUNS ON TEA. MAGGS TRIES TO PATENT HIS INVENTION, BUT FAILS...





THE GROUP





FROM THE SEA COMES A TERRIBLE, SPONGY GROWTH THAT 'TAKES OVER' ANYTHING IT ENVELOPES — A SINISTER GROWTH THAT REASONS AND THINKS. ADVENTURERS DON MASON AND VIC DAWES, USING THE FANTASTIC 'PYTHON', TRY TO CARRY A WARNING TO THE SOUTH AMERICAN TOWN OF BELA GONA. BUT THE PYTHON'S APPEARANCE SPREADS TERROR...

THE PYTHON



DON, WE'RE CAUSING A PANIC! PEOPLE ARE GOING CRAZY WITH FEAR!

THEY'LL KNOW WORSE FEAR IF THEY MEET THE SPONGE GROWTH. STEER ASHORE! THERE'S NO TURNING BACK!

MANNED BY MASON AND DAWES, THE FANTASTIC MACHINE MAKES FOR THE TOWN CENTRE.

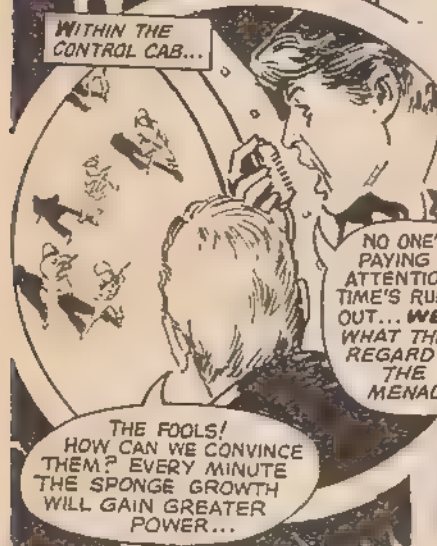
AAAAAH! MADRE DE DIOS!

USE THE LOUDSPEAKERS! SPREAD THE WARNING WHERE EVERYONE CAN HEAR...

OUTSIDE THE ADMINISTRATION OFFICES...



WE COME AS FRIENDS! GIVE THIS MESSAGE TO YOUR WAR DEPARTMENT AND SCIENTISTS... PORT OF SAO PAULA INVAD... A LIVING GROWTH MOVES IN FROM THE SEA...



WITHIN THE CONTROL CAB...

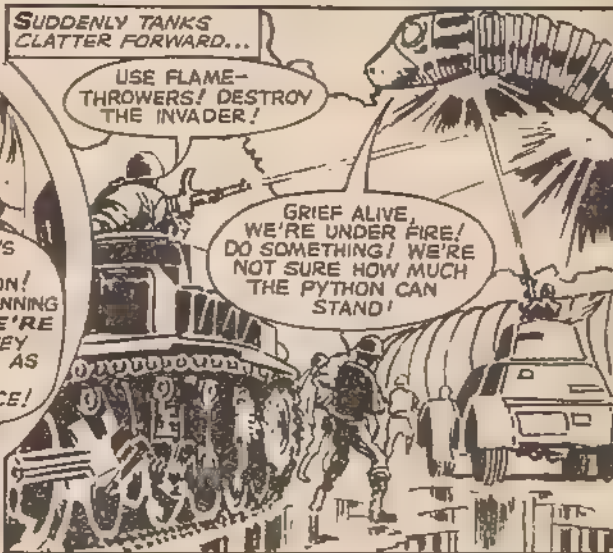
NO ONE'S PAYING ATTENTION! TIME'S RUNNING OUT... WE'RE WHAT THEY REGARD AS THE MENACE!

THE FOOLS! HOW CAN WE CONVINCE THEM? EVERY MINUTE THE SPONGE GROWTH WILL GAIN GREATER POWER...

SUDDENLY TANKS CLATTER FORWARD...

USE FLAME-THROWERS! DESTROY THE INVADER!

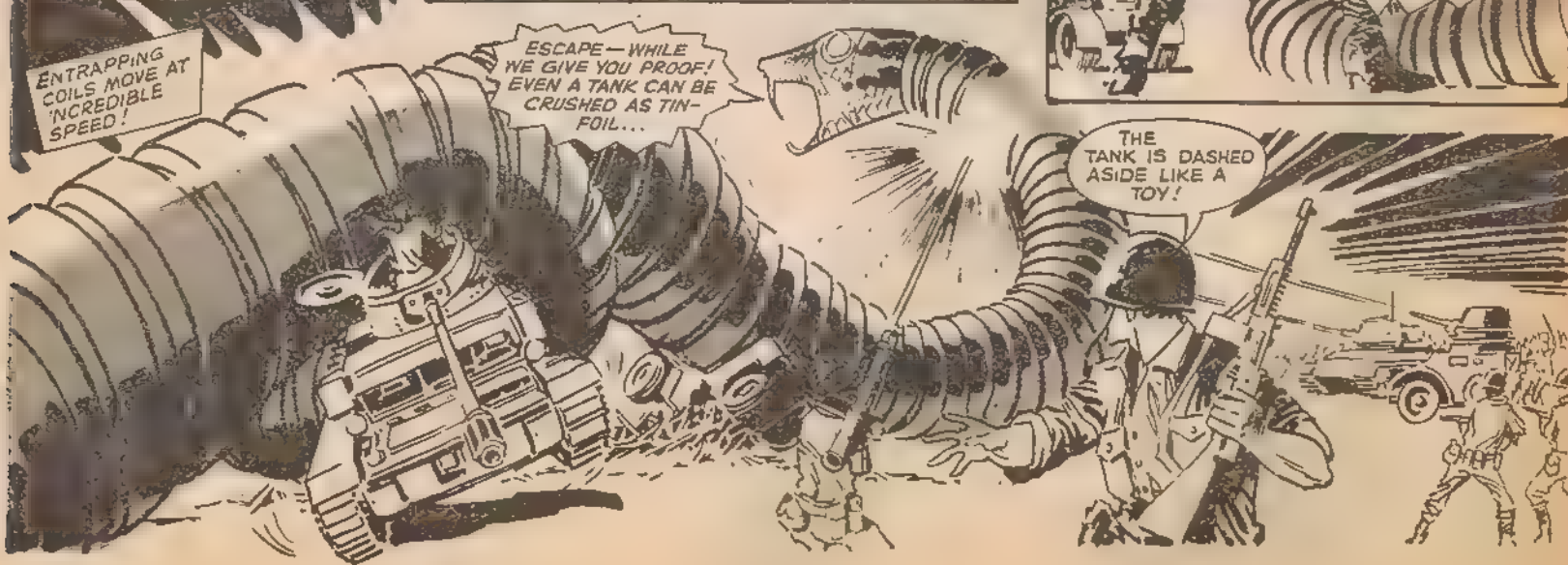
GRIEF ALIVE, WE'RE UNDER FIRE! DO SOMETHING! WE'RE NOT SURE HOW MUCH THE PYTHON CAN STAND!



IT IS NO TIME FOR HALF-MEASURES... THE PYTHON'S GREAT TAIL SWINGS...



KEEP BACK! CEASE FIRE — OR WE SHOW OUR FANGS. THE WORLD'S SAFETY IS ALREADY AT STAKE!



ENTRAPPING COILS MOVE AT INCREDIBLE SPEED!

ESCAPE — WHILE WE GIVE YOU PROOF! EVEN A TANK CAN BE CRUSHED AS TIN-FOIL...

THE TANK IS DASHED ASIDE LIKE A TOY!

COILS TIGHTEN ABOUT THE ABANDONED TANK...

DON, IT'S NO GOOD!
WE CAN'T DESTROY AN
ARMY TO SAVE THEM...

RIGHT—
THEN SUBMERGE!
WE DAREN'T RISK
THE PYTHON ANY
MORE.

MASONRY
SHATTERS!

IT'S
BURROWING!
BORING DOWN
THROUGH THE
EARTH!

RADIO ALL
UNITS! THE ROBOT
INVADER MUST BE
ATTACKED AND
DESTROYED!

THE
PYTHON'S
GONE! ALL THE
WATER-MAINS
ARE
FRACTURED!

THE
DEVIL MACHINE
GOES INTO THE
GROUND!

BENEATH GROUND...

DON, GIVE ME A COURSE!
WE'LL NEED TO SURFACE
WHERE THERE IS COVER.

WE'VE GOT TO
WARN THEM! MY ONE
DREAD IS WE'RE ALREADY
TOO LATE...

ON THE JUNGLE FRINGE...

OKAY, VIC—
TAKE HER UP!

THE
PYTHON WILL
BE SAFE HERE.
ITS CAMOUFLAGE
FITS IN WITH THE
TROPICAL FOREST.
YET WE'RE STILL
NEAR THE
MOTORWAY.

WHAT
NOW? ANY
IDEAS?

THEY MAKE FOR
THE MOTORWAY...

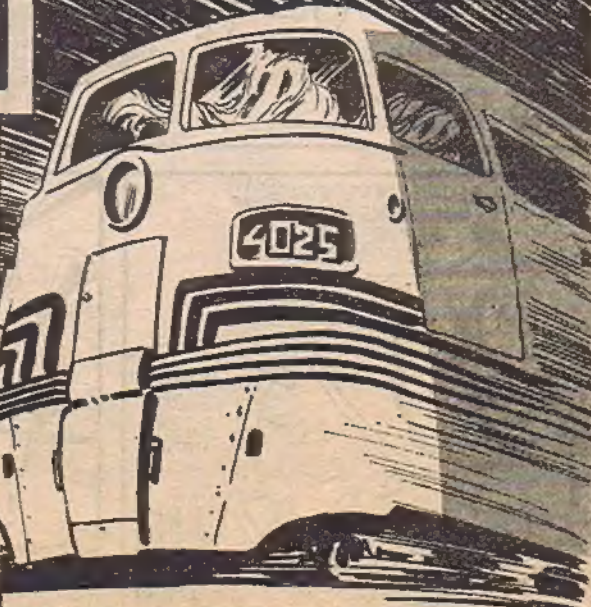
WE HITCH-
HIKE A LIFT BACK
TO TOWN. WITHOUT THE
PYTHON WE MAY STAND
A CHANCE OF CONVINCING
SOMEONE. SCIENTISTS
HAVE TO DISCOVER WHAT
THE SPONGE GROWTH
IS—THEN DESTROY
IT!

MEANWHILE, THE TERRIBLE GROWTH
FROM THE SEA DOMINATES THE WHOLE
OF SAO PAULA... BUILDINGS, TREES AND
HUMANS SUFFER AN UNCANNY
CHANGE...

AAAAH!
CARAMBA! WHAT'S
HAPPENING TO
ME?

SOMETHING'S
CRAWLING OVER ME!
NO! NO!

THE TRAIN MOVES OUT—MOVES FOR THE SAME
DESTINATION AS THAT SOUGHT BY MASON AND
DAWES. BUT A TRAIN THAT IS NO LONGER
NORMAL...



NEXT WEEK: ...THE TERROR IS READY TO SPREAD!

WEE Willie HAGGiS



WEE WILLIE HAGGIS IS IN THE HANDS OF BIG CHIEF REDBONCE WHO IS PLANNING TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD BY DESTROYING ALL PALEFACES WITH HIS T.N.T. RED-SKINS—TINY NUCLEAR TOMATOES! YES, ONE MIGHT SAY THAT WEE WILLIE HAGGIS HAS BEEN CAUGHT REDHANDED!



AND WHAT FIENDISH DEATH HAVE YE GOT PLANNED FOR ME, YE RED FIEND?

EENY, MEENY, MINY, MO, CATCH A HAGGIS BY A TOE—

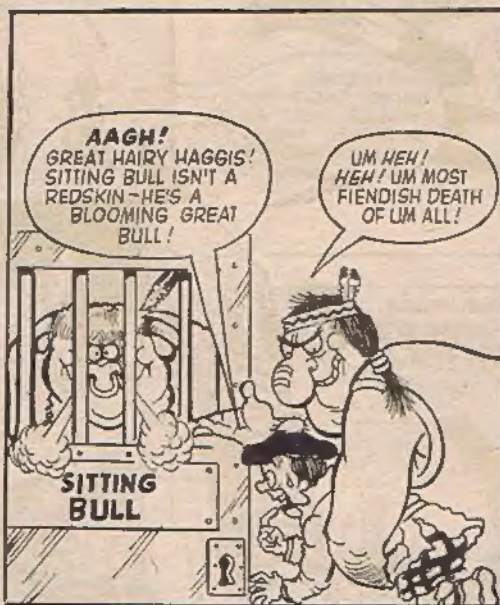


UM COO! THAT FINGER, EH? IT MOST FIENDISH DEATH OF ALL!



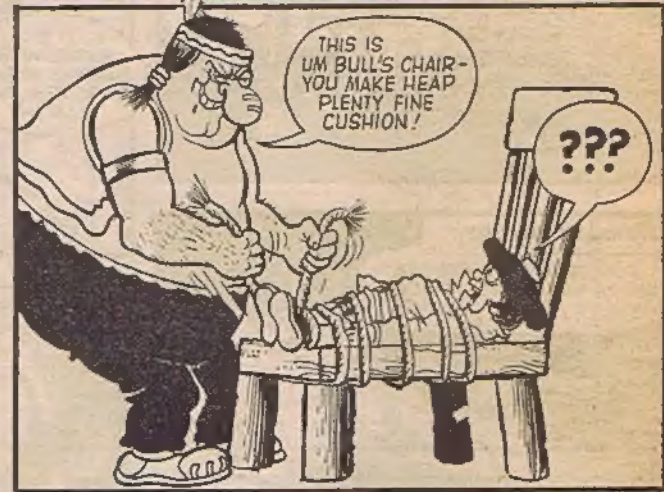
HEH! HEH! WE GO SEE UM SITTING BULL!

I FEEL LIKE SITTING DUCK!



AAGH! GREAT HAIRY HAGGIS! SITTING BULL ISN'T A REDSKIN—HE'S A BLOOMING GREAT BULL!

UM HEH! HEH! UM MOST FIENDISH DEATH OF UM ALL!



THIS IS UM BULL'S CHAIR—YOU MAKE HEAP PLENTY FINE CUSHION!

???

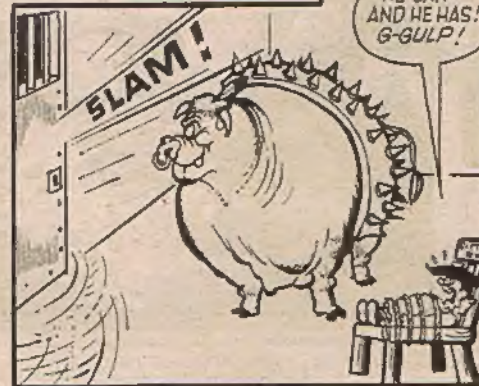


SITTING BULL IS ALWAYS SITTING—SOON SITUM ON YOU! UM SPY FROM SKYE SAY GOODBYE!

Z-O-O-M!



AAGH! YE RED FIEND! YE CAN'T! YE CAN'T!



SLAM!

HE CAN—AND HE HAS! G-GULP!



UM HO-HUM! ME HEAP TIRED! ME FEEL LIKE UM SEAT!

STRETCH

YAWN

AAGH! YE BIG LUMP OF BULLY BEEF—DON'T SIT DOON! I'VE GOT TO SAVE THE WORLD AFORE I'M SAT ON!



ME LIKE UM REDBONCE! HIM ALWAYS BRINGING ME NICE NEW CUSHIONS!

WAA-AH! GET OFF! UP YE GET!



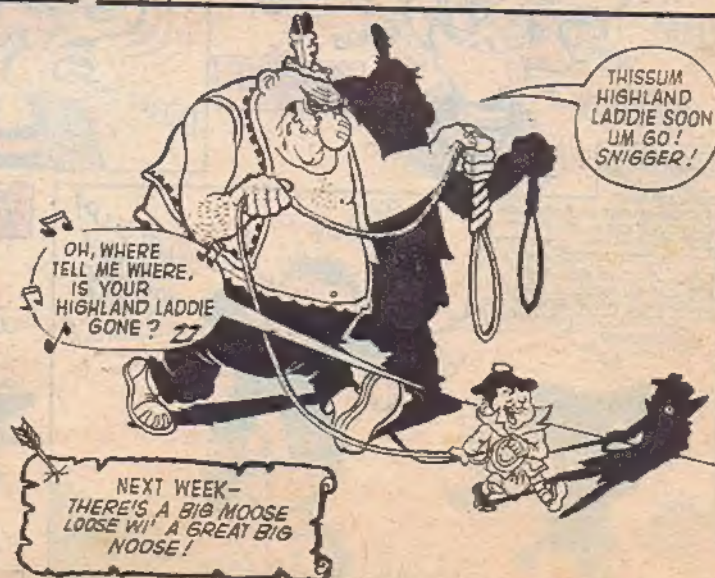
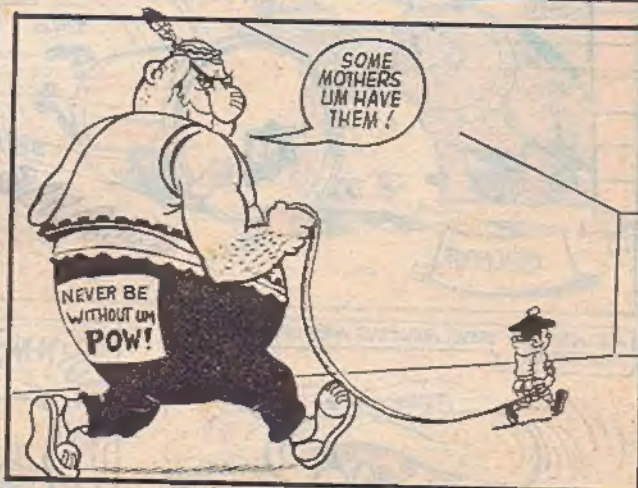
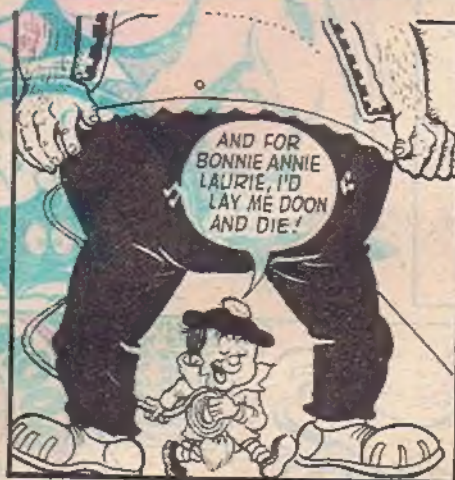
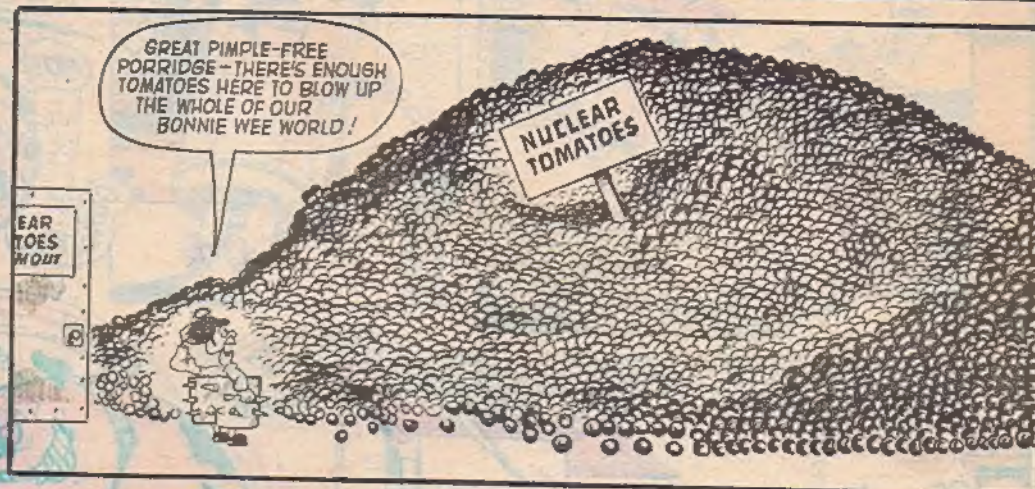
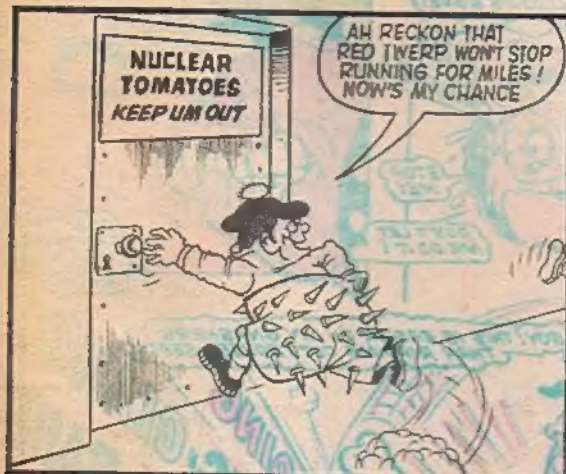
THIS IS THE END! I'M DONE FOR! AND TO THINK I'VE GOT A SCOTSMAN FOR A SCRIPT-WRITER TRAITOR!



UM AAGH!

SUFFERING SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS! I'M SAVED! THAT SPIKE BURST THE COMPRESSED AIR CYLINDER IN MY TAM O'SHANTER! THANKS, SCOTTIE—I TAKE BACK ALL AH SAID ABOUT YE!

BLAST!



DARE-A-DAY DARE HIM AND WIN £1.

DAVY

GOLLY! THIS IS A TOUGH ONE!

"D. MELERNON, OF NEWCASTLE, COUNTY DURHAM, HAS DARED ME TO DELIVER PAPERS TO THE MOST DREADED HOUSE IN TOWN AND THAT'S GATCH GRANGE IN 'DOOM' DRIVE - GUARDED BY A MAN-EATING BULLDOG!"

HEH-HEH! THIS CALLS FOR A LARK!

HEH-HEH!

HEH-HEE! NOW FOR A LAUGH!

THIS DRUM SHOULD PROTECT ME FROM THAT CANINE BRUTE!

CLANK! CLANK!

HEY, DAVY! AFTER YOU'VE DELIVERED THE PAPER, I DARE YOU TO PINCH THE BULL-DOG'S BONE!

HEH-HEH!

KNOCK KNOCK

NOT LIKELY! I'VE ENOUGH ON MY PLATE. DELIVERING THIS PAPER!

COO! H-HE'S REFUSED A DARE!

BOY! THIS IS GOING TO BE EASY AFTER ALL! THE BRUTE'S CHAINED UP AND THE FRONT DOOR'S OPEN! I'LL DASH IN THROUGH THE HALL, SLING THE PAPER - AND OUT BY THE BACK DOOR! - HERE WE GO!!

GRRR!

BRUTUS

"TINNED TWIT - AND I HAVEN'T GOT A CAN-OPENER!"

-YEE-HEE-EEE! DONE IT! NOW FOR THE BACK O' - E-E-YULK!

NO!

ZIP

PIN-NU

SKID

(DELAYED DARE-REACTION)

AFTER YOU'VE DELIVERED THE PAPER, I DARE YOU TO PINCH THE BULL-DOG'S BONE!

NO!

CLICK CHALLENGE!

STOP ME!

DON'T LET ME DO IT!

CURGLE

HA, HA! YOU JOLLOPPY JAWED FAT FREAK! GIVE ME THAT BONE!

COO! THE CANNED CLOT'S COMING BACK!

I'VE BEEN DARED, AND I HAVEN'T TURNED DOWN A DARE YET! HEH-HEH-HEH! I'LL GIVE IT TO HIM ALL RIGHT!

I'VE GOT TO PINCH THAT BONE! GIVE ME THAT PERISHING THING - OOPS!

GR-RR-R-RR-R-SNARL

TRIP

SKID

BAM

CLANG

BRUTUS

SWISH

BOY! THIS IS EASIER ON MY GNASHERS THAN RIPPING OUT TROUSER-SEATS!

DOING CLANG CLANG BANG

CLASH CLASH

CLATTER CLANG

ACH! - BLIMEY!! MY EAR-DRUMS! MY HEAD! - ERK! STOP IT! HELP!

RE YOU CAN SEE, BRUTUS HAS GIVEN HIM THE BONE...

BOZZ-Z-Z-Z

DOING CLANG

CLASH THROB

BURBLE!

LEAVING DAVY FEELING LIKE THIS!

BOY-NG

BOOM-BOOM

DEAR DAVY, I DARE YOU TO TRACK DOWN THAT SNIVELLING LITTLE SNEAK, "JOKER" JENKINS -

BOOM

CLICK CHALLENGE

THROB

GRIND GNASH

GRAH-H-H! - SNARL! - I ACCEPT! - I ACCEPT! - GNASH! - LEMMEGETTATIM!

10 MINUTES LATER, "JOKER" JENKINS MAKES THE ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY THAT HE CAN RUN AT 35 M.P.H.

NO! I - IT WAS JUST A HILARIOUS JOKE! WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF HUMOUR?

GR-RAH! ROAR BELLOW

GROWL SNARL GNASH

ELP! ELP! POLICE! HOMICIDE-SQUAD!! N.S.P.G.C.!!

HE ALSO DISCOVERS THAT DARE-DAY DAVY CAN RUN AT 35 - POINT ONE M.P.H. - WHEN TEMPORARILY INSANE!

POUND POUND THROB

JAB

...AND THAT DAVY HASN'T ALWAYS GOT SUCH A SENSE OF HUMOUR...

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE POW! LOLLY-KEEPER'S OFFICE -

WHAT DO YOU MEAN I CAN'T DARE MYSELF AND WIN A POUND? I SHOULD GET TWO POUNDS FOR TODAY'S LITTLE ADVENTURE!

HELP! ALE! BART! QUICK!

JERK

RIGHT! YOU "POWISTIC" - SEND YOUR DARES, BY P.C., TO "DARE-DEVILS", WHO'S "DARE-A-DAY DAVY" "POW" CAME TO RISK A CLOBBERING - FOR A GUID? 54, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.G.2